INTERNATIONAL club

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
VOLUME 16 NUMBER 6

£1.50
FRANCE Francs 36
ITALY Lire 6400
AUSTRIA AS 65
SWITZERLAND Francs 6.2
GERMANY DM 16
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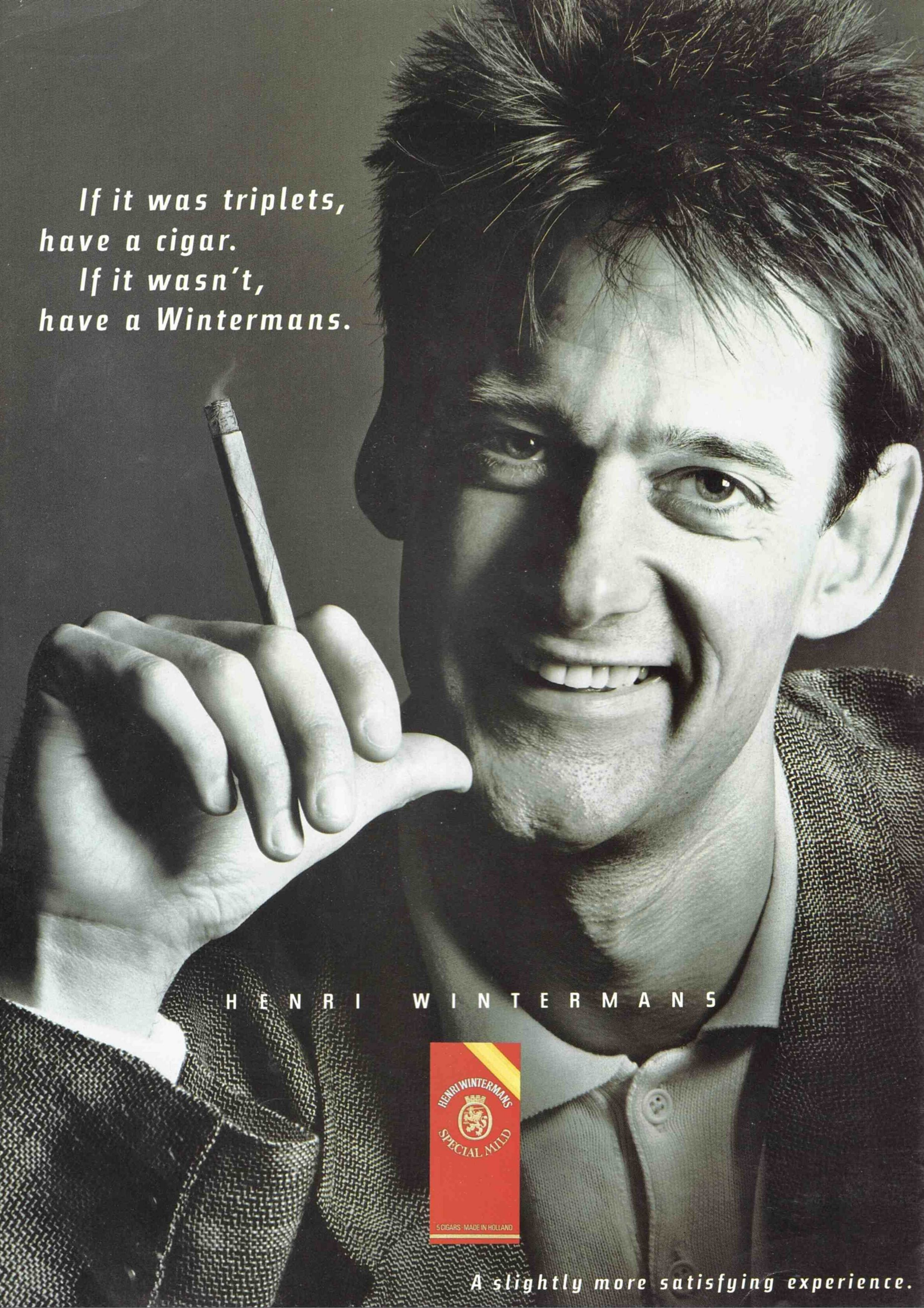
If it was triplets,
have a cigar.
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HENRI WINTERMANS
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A slightly more satisfying experience.

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume 16: Number 6: Price £1.50

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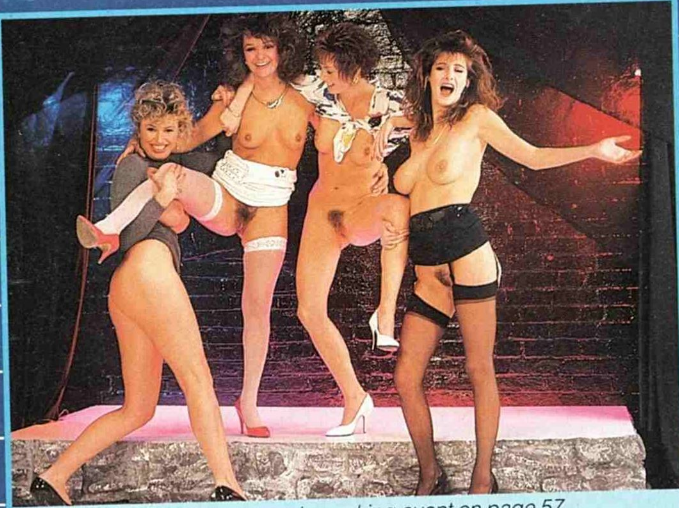

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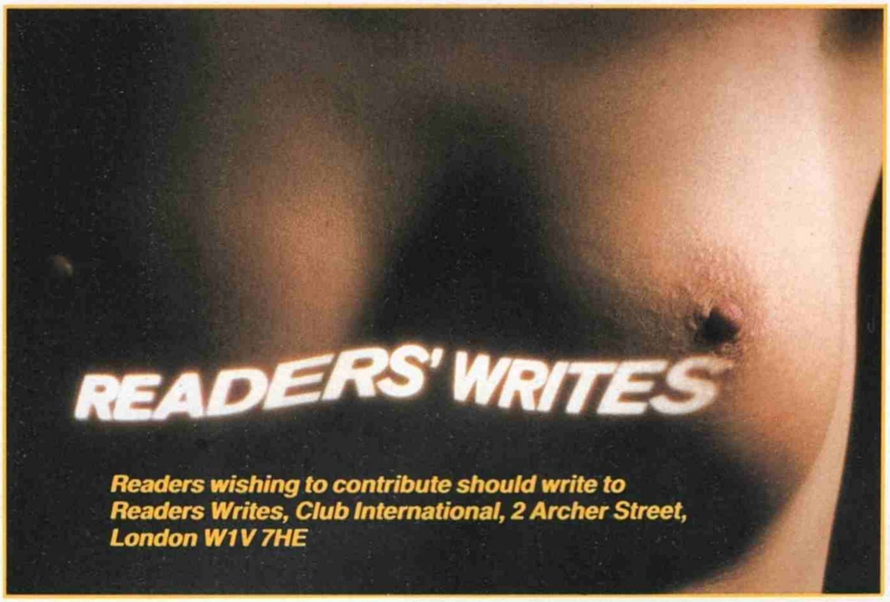
Publisher: Paul Raymond; **Editor:** David Dimmock; **Deputy Editor:** Chris Lloyd; **Assistant Editor:** Robert McCabe; **Art Director:** Ian Midson; **Assistant Art Editors:** Rod Edwards, Sue Smith, Simon Beré; **Production Editor:** Nicholas Whittaker; **Advertisement Director:** James Macleod; **Classified Advertisements:** Angie Ellis; **Circulation Director:** Mike Stall; **Chief Executive and Legal Adviser:** Carl Snitcher

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 01-734 9191. Filmset by Crawley Composition Ltd, Crawley, Sussex. Colour by Technik, Berkhamstead, printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group Plc. Fiction; all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. © Paul Raymond Publications 1987.



READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

In the Club

Now the holiday season's upon us again, a thought springs to mind. Everyone has heard about what a hot-bed of sexual activity these Club 18-30 holidays are. Recently a friend was relating her holiday experiences with 18-30. After some prodding, she finally admitted to sleeping with two guys and added that her friend had fucked seven.

I saw evidence of this when I happened to see some holiday snaps left lying about. They showed the two girls with a variety of blokes, all naked, with plenty of stiff, hairy cocks and big balls. So any lads expecting to holiday in these bastions of sun, sea, and sex, please take notes. I'm sure Club readers would be interested in your experiences.

Alan, Yorkshire

Yes, indeed. We'll be publishing a selection of your horny holiday stories over the coming months, so get writing – Ed.

Lip Service

I have to tell someone; it's killing me. This afternoon I had the most erotic experience of my life.

I am a civil servant working in a busy office. I sit opposite a girl who is wonderful. I reckon she looks a lot like the girl in that French film *Betty Blue.* She tends to dress in a very drab way – so, much to my annoyance, I never get so much as a flash of cleavage. So I got a real shock this morning when retrieving a pen I had dropped. I looked up at her legs under the table, and she had rucked her skirt up to show her supple, milky-white thighs.

As I stared at her, she slowly eased her legs apart to reveal a bush of dark pubes. I nearly came there and then. I sat back up and, when I looked at her a few minutes later, she was smiling slyly to herself.

Later this afternoon, I was filing away papers in our dormant room. It is a windowless room under the building. Suddenly the light went out, the door clicked shut and the key turned in the lock. Someone moved towards me. I was actually a bit scared and called out: "Who is it?"

I was silenced by a soft hand over my mouth. I felt the other hand quickly loosening my belt and pulling my trousers and underpants down. My cock was quickly unfurling in the soft caress of the female hand. The figure crouched and I felt her tongue lick quickly across the knob of my penis. She held my buttocks as she eased my cock into her throat. In and out it went. Each time she withdrew it, she clenched my arse and licked the drops of pre-come from the tip. Quickly I felt myself beginning to come. I shot my load into her throat and sighed with pleasure. She swallowed and held my cock in her mouth until it began to soften.

It is to be a one-off experience, I think, because she gave no indication that anything had happened when I returned to my desk. I know it was my Betty Blue-lookalike, though, because of a tell-tale spunk stain on her blouse! *Oliver, Bath*

Poetic Praise

Dear Club I'd like to send you praise
You really brighten up my days
With girls like Linzi on your pages
It keeps me wanking off for ages
Events are always full of fun
Lots of boobs and lots of bun
The formula's a certain winner
It makes me feel a full-time sinner!
The *Club Chance* girls deserve their break
They certainly make my cock and balls ache
I'd fuck them all given half a chance
They'd have a great time on the end of my lance.
So keep on giving us the action
It gives us all real satisfaction.

Tony (the bard), Preston

Just Janet

Janet in Vol 16 No 2, pages 56-61, is quite superb.

I have had many enjoyable hours wanking madly over her. From her very fuckable mouth down to her lovely legs, she is fantastic! She is surely one of the most beautiful young girls ever featured in Club (I'm sure many readers will agree). The final spread on pages 60-61 is excellent. The thought of ramming my prick into her pussy while admiring her gorgeous, pert arse drives me crazy.

Please print this letter in true admiration of her unbelievable, fuckable body. Much more of Janet, please!! *Tony, Bedfordshire*

Short Change

Any chance of seeing some cropped beauties? Month after month, every one of your wonderfully naughty ladies seem to have long, flowing locks bubbling down their backs, or at least covering their ears. How about sending Linzi down to a good old-fashioned barber for a severe short back and sides?

If I see a girl with cropped, short hair (dressed like a woman, not like some

continued on page 6

Just Janet: *Quite superb, says Tony. And who can argue?*

She's a skilled girl, is C
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Obscene Publications Ac
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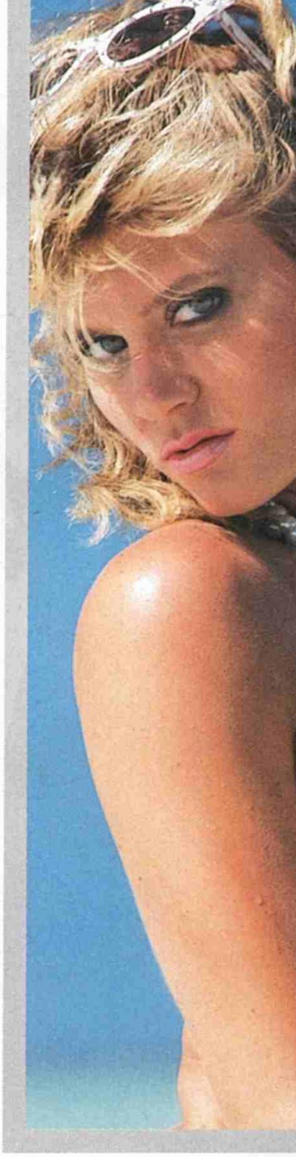
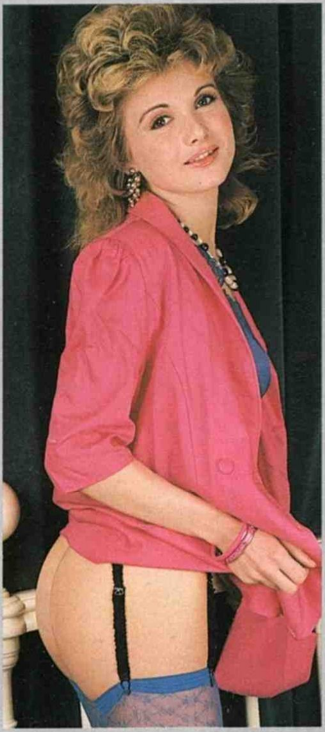


irl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

Club-style glamour? "Hardcore movies don't exactly show a girl to her best advantage," says this super 24-year-old from Rockford, Illinois. "I'm a dyed-in-the-wool cockteaser and I like to be in control of a situation. That's kind of difficult with a 210-pound athlete humping the heck out of you!" It's all very well making light of heavy porn, but in Club's limited experience of this sphere of enter-tainment we have to admit to finding American "porno folk" not among the most charming. Ginger, we're pleased to report, is a glowing exception, a genuine "nice kid" whom you could take just about anywhere, and – given luck – have a little fun with. **She's only as far away as page 8 – well worth the trip!**

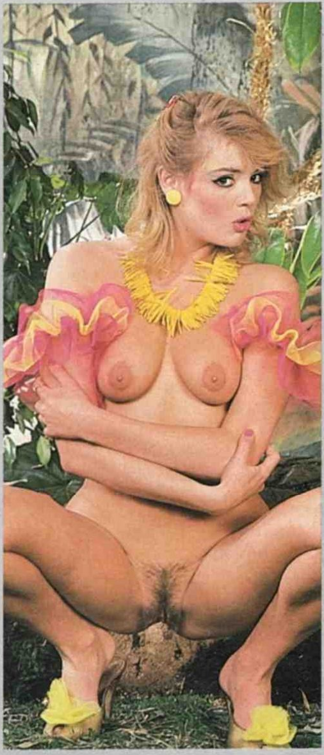


SALLY

Sally's 19 years old, a demurely sexy little thing (only five feet two, but wondrously wiggly) with a curiously sexy, County-fied accent. She's the type of model who even the most hardened glamour photographers go through agonies of embarrassment over, summoning the courage to say things like: "A little wider, please," but Sally's coyness, while not actually a sham, is unconvincing. She certainly falls some way short of blushing innocence. Sally, you see, has been around – on the promotions circuit, to be exact. Visitors to last year's Boat Show, for example, would have seen a bikini-clad Sally arranging herself artistically on a massive rigid inflatable. And if that seems downright saucy, last summer saw Sally doing the rounds of the Home Counties agricultural shows, where, bikini-clad once again, she was promoting a new range of power tools. Memories of the hammer drill linger on: "The idea was to demonstrate that women, too, can handle big tools like hammer drills," Sally explains. "The drill was a masterpiece of design, but unfortunately the vibrations made my breasts shudder. Eventually, my practical demonstrations proved more popular than the beer tent!" **You can see why by turning to page 32.**

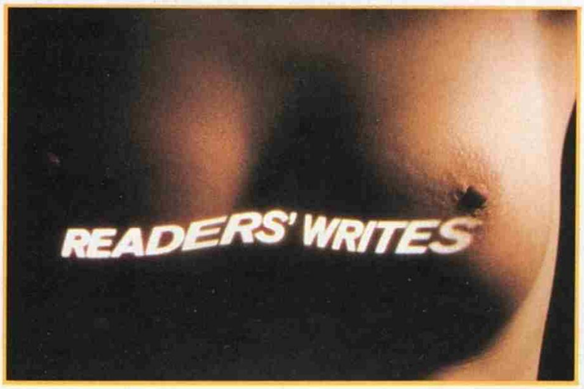
KRIS

Confusing, this month's ish. We've got Ginger on page 8 who isn't, and Kris on page 71 who is, but isn't really, because it's dyed. Okay, I'll shut up. The last time Kris appeared in Club she made a passing reference to a filly foal, the progeny of a sire also called Kris, in the stud farm adjoining her dad's Sussex farm. Kris's dad (no mean sire himself!), by all accounts, is a fair old judge of horseflesh, and spent many a morn leaning over the boundary fence, watching the young quadroped's progress with interest. He was so impressed, he sold-off two of his 54 acres in order to purchase a mere 20 per cent share in the foal. His delightful and astonishingly beautiful daughter nevertheless reckons it was a shrewd move, and looks forward to a successful season's racegoing in '88: "The beauty of it is, I get to wear an owner's badge," she explains. "Just think, in the paddock at Goodwood, rubbing shoulders with Robert Sangster, Lord Porchester, Terry Ramsden . . ." Given leave, your ladyship, and given your height of five feet ten, I hardly think it's Terry Ramsden's *shoulders* you'd be rubbing. According to inter-office calculations your boobs would be on a par with his nose. And as for the rich wrinklies, I rather fancy there are parts of your anatomy they would rather rub than your shoulders. But, anyway, the best of luck from Club and its readers to you, your dad, and your half-a-leg. And don't forget us when it comes to any ("Oo-er-sounds-rude") hot tips! **You'll be on to a winner by racing to page 71!**



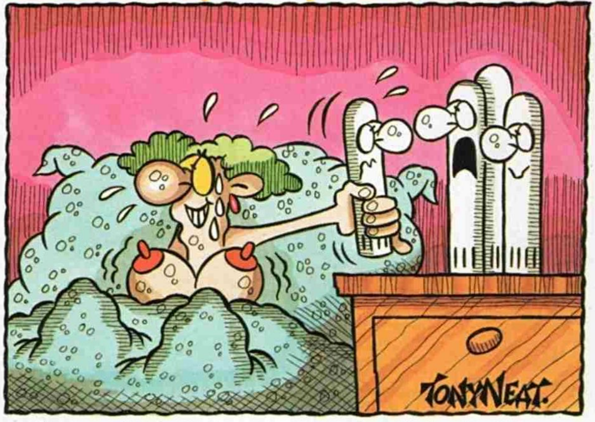
TRACY

Tracy's every inch a natural catwalk girl. Tall, elegant, and with a pronounced flair for fashion, she's a great believer in dressing for sex. A graduate of the London College of Fashion, she actually worked as a lingerie designer for a major manufacturer for almost three years, so if this, combined with Tracy's super looks, doesn't qualify her for this month's centre slot, we'd like to know what does! Interestingly, all Tracy's designs were based on illustrations in fetish-y American mags of the 50s and 60s. Illustrators like Stanton and John "Sweet Gwendoline" Willie are her favourites, along with the immortal Vargas. And her favourite lingerie? "Frederick's of Hollywood," she states, unequivocally. "I once spent three idyllic weeks in LA with my boyfriend, researching for a new corsetry range. The people over there were incredibly helpful. They rooted out boxes and boxes of undies dating back to the 20s and 30s. Each night I'd return to the hotel with bags laden with sexy goodies on loan. The sex I had with my boyfriend was just a dream. He gets so incredibly excited when I'm wearing naughty things . . ." **We think you'll like Tracy – and what she's wearing – on page 44 . . .**



READERS' WRITES

VIBES by Tony Neat



Have you been poking your nose about in her business again?

continued from page 4

bricklayer-type lesbian/feminist) my prick jumps to life. I'd love to see a dark-haired girl with a crewcut, wearing stockings and suspenders, high heels and preferably a shaved pussy. How about it? *John, London*

Better Chance

The *Club Chance* feature is an inspired idea and has transformed your magazine from the "very good" class into the "league-of-its-own" category.

It could be even better, though. For example, if the *Chance* girls were seen in the black-and-white pages not only in their everyday clothes but also – as if by accident – flashing their underclothing, this would greatly add to the photos' appeal. Thus, in Vol 16 No 2, 18-year-old Sandy could have been shown in three pictures dressed ordinarily in white T-shirt, denim jacket and trousers (the top right-hand picture on page 82, incidentally, is superb). But in the other pictures, before the colour takes over, we might have seen her with the zip of her trousers undone, revealing High Street-style pants. Or, in the case of hairdresser Dawn-Louise (Vol 15 No 14), we night have seen her "accidentally" allowing the wind to raise her skirt so that a pair of ordinary knickers were shown.

The achingly-desirable Tracy (Vol 15 No 13) could have exhibited while sitting down on a park bench, a pair of pants encased in patterned tights beneath the black leather skirt, by chance (pun intended) allowing her buttons of her blouse to come undone, giving the readers a close-up view of her white bra.

In this way the monochrome pictures, starting with the girl fully-dressed and ending with her exposing her underwear, could subtly and arousingly suggest the pleasure of things to come. The emphasis, as at present with the first two pages, should be on *ordinariness* – everyday bra, knicker, slip, tights, etc.

And how about an appetite-whetting close-up of the models on the first of *three* black-and-white pages – simply her face alone, covering the whole page?

Tim, Dartford

Better Chance: *And one reader reckons they don't come any better than Tracy.*

Out of India

One afternoon I sat waiting to have my hair cut (short back and sides) at the local barbers' and happened to pick up an old copy of Club International Vol 3 No 5 – price 40p! And what value we got for 40p in those days!

The big surprise was inside, when I came across some examples of David Wright's pin-ups! My first encounter with his work as way back in 1945 in India with the Paras. One day the Quartermaster can back off Blighty leave with a copy of the David Wright portfolio to cheer the lads up.

I was detailed to paint most of the pictures, life-size, on to the walls of the sergeants' mess, and this took quite some time as I was pressed to have a drink with everyone who came in to see how the work was progressing! When the paintings were finished, they came as a great relief to those chaps, as the only jumps they were getting at that time were from aircraft!

The sequel to all this happened a few weeks after seeing the old Club International. The QM, who gave me the portfolio in 1945, found my address in some of his old papers and wrote to me 41 years on.

Well, I hope this is of some interest to you and your readers. By the way, how about setting up an over-60s' Club International?

If you do print any of this, could I possibly extend my best wishes to any ex-members of the 2nd Independent Pathfinder Company, Parachute Regiment, Bilaspur, India, '45.

Chuck, Newark

There is a Club International for the over-60s. You're reading it – Ed.

Poor Pics

I've just bought a copy of Club Vol 16 No 2, and I have to complain about the picture quality.

After a vintage period of two or three years when skin texture was "back in", it seems things are reverting to the previous fashion of shiny, characterless-type model make-up. There also seems to be a swing back to covering up the models with unnecessary clothing.

I remember you had a very poor period a few years back when the magazine resembled a foul-weather catalogue, rather than offering male entertainment in its broad sense. Please revert to real-live, peachy-skinned models and appropriate lighting.

By the way, have you considered a minor, but useful, campaign to halt the climate of puritanism now in vogue?

DB, Northampton

The continuing presence of Club International on the news-stands every month shows what we think of puritanism. And, while we respect your views, forgive us for not agreeing with you about the quality of photography in Club – Ed.

Hot to Trot

I've always been excited by women on horseback, wearing all that really sexy (well, I think it is) riding gear. And, believe it or not, I can get as much sexual pleasure out of seeing a mag like *Horse and Hound* as I can by looking at Club International!

However, it would have to be courtesy of yourselves that my favourite fantasy would be fulfilled. What this consists of is to see a mature, sophisticated lady, aged about 35-40, riding a horse while wearing only long, black riding boots, black stockings, suspenders and a white silk scarf like the ones you often see horsewomen wearing. The saddle would be well-lubricated so that, as she rode, her quim and her arse would slide to and fro on the shiny leather. The erotic sensations she'd be feeling would make her nipples stretch till they stuck out like bullets.

Ideally, I'd be waiting for her when she dismounted. She'd be so aroused, the first thing she would do would be to take off my trousers and pants and wrap my cock in her silk scarf, gently wanking me through the luxurious material. When I was as hard as I could possibly get, she'd lie on her back and continue wanking me with her squeaky leather boots, while she rubbed up and down her clit with her riding whip. Then I'd give her a ride she'd never be able to experience from any horse.

Your excellent magazine would be further enhanced by some pictures of women in riding gear, which I look forward to seeing.

Kevin, Motherwell

Top Ten Corner

1. Elizabeth Montgomery (Bewitched)
2. Kathleen Turner (actress)
3. Siobhan (Bananarama)
4. Tanya Roberts (actress)
5. Patsy Kensit (actress)
6. Cybill Shepherd (actress)
7. Sue Cook (Crimewatch)
8. Debbie Peterson (The Bangles)
9. Jennifer Grant (daughter of Cary)
10. Suzanne Mizzi (Page 3)

Sting, London

Any chance of The Police getting back together, then? – Ed.

Point of Law

I'm a lawyer by profession, and recently I took two lady clients to lunch. Well, in fact, it was the other way around. I'd just won a libel case on their behalf, and they were rewarding me. Naturally, the '62 Chateau Latour was flowing, and the atmosphere was very convivial – particularly after the appearance of the first bottle of Dom Perignon!

Later in the meal, the subject of blue movies somehow crept into the conversation, and my two clients described their "favourite" scenes. I can't explain why, but it had a very stimulating effect on me, listening to these very well-bred ladies discussing porno. The more they talked, the more I felt my cock unwind and harden in my pants.

"It was disgusting!" one lady said, in her refined accent. "Positively disgusting! These two lesbians kind of, you know, *doing* it with their hands, while this guy's thing was so enormous, he couldn't even get it all the way in."

And so on. Well, after a while, I turned on to the fact that this conversation had well outlived its natural longevity, and that it was being conducted entirely for my benefit. This was duly confirmed by a hand alighting on my knee beneath the tablecloth. One thing led to another, as they say, and one of my lady clients suggested we all "adjourn" to her penthouse apartment for the remainder of the afternoon.

continued on page 95

COME AGAIN

Forgive us for blowing our own tenor horn, but we were actually very pleased with ourselves for producing Vol 16 No 3. In case you missed it (and it's *your* loss if you did), that's the issue in which we featured Linzi doing a Home Countries striptease; the ever-popular Nikki strutted memorably over the *Catwalk*; half-a-dozen nubiles were given a thorough drenching in our wet T-shirt *Event*; the biggest tits in motor cycling were given an airing in *Club Chance* – and then there was Jonelle in *The French Connection.* We don't need to tell you what was so special about her – just look at the picture on this page, and you'll understand why so many Club devotees filled our postbag with requests to have another bite of French Fancy.

Mike from Lancaster had particular reason to get chugging away on his old man when he first clapped eyes on 20-year-old Jonelle. "In one picture – the double-page spread on pages 22 and 23 – she looks like the double of Faye Dunaway 20 years ago. Ms Dunaway is one of my all-time favourite sex symbols, and I've just had to live with the fact that I would never get to see her showing off her cunt. By publishing that picture of Jonelle, however, I can effectively say you have realized my ambition. Definitely one for the scrapbook."

Name and address withheld (well, there can't be too many people with *his* name in that part of the world, so we'll respect his privacy: we know Shetland is a very close-knit community) says that "just looking at the pictures of this beautiful girl fully-clothed was a delight in itself – the nude/semi-nude shots were an added bonus."

We feel it's somewhat fitting that our featured letter this month should come from an exiled French girl living in London. From the sound of it, we wouldn't mind making *her* the subject of a *French Connection* some time:

I have to tell you I found the pictures of Jonelle in Paris – my own city – very, very exciting!

Like her, I have done modelling work for the same type of catalogues you mention in the words which accompany the pictures. And I have to say the relationship between the photographers and the models was not always so innocent as she suggests. I speak from personal experience! It could be that Jonelle is every bit as sweet and innocent as she looks, despite the fact she is obviously so relaxed about showing off her body.

I don't know if Jonelle ever went to the Pyrenees on any modelling assignments, but it was there – modelling winter coats – that I lost my virginity to a very good-looking Dutch photographer called Pieter. We were relaxing with a drink in the hotel after a day's shooting. Suddenly, Pieter said he had a wonderful idea for a picture which he would like to try out. He said he had some clothing in his hotel room and he'd like to try an experimental picture. He asked if I would mind modelling it for him, and I said I'd be pleased to help. As we left to go upstairs, the other girls in the group giggled among themselves.

When we reached Pieter's room, he tried out the shot he had in mind with an expensive leather coat. It only took a few minutes. Then he asked me to stay and have a drink with him, which I agreed to. I was by this time aware that he was trying to seduce me, but I didn't mind. If I was going to lose my virginity – and I must some time, I thought – it would be nice to lose it to such a sexy man. My vaginal juices began to secrete at the thought of his big, strong hands running over my body. I decided to make it obvious to him that I was willing to be made love to. I sat as close to him on the bed as I could, and before I knew what I was doing, I was feeling his cock through his thin trousers.

After that, of course, there was no turning back. I was somewhat overawed when I saw the size of his cock, but he was very gentle with me and he gave me three wonderful orgasms.

Respectful of the knowledge that I was (or had been!) a virgin, he did not come inside me. He withdrew, and asked me to masturbate him over my breasts. This I did, and it's a sexual act I still find very thrilling.

I cannot help but wonder if Jonelle – as she is such a sexy girl – experienced such things on *her* picture sessions. Maybe she'd just rather keep any information like that to herself!

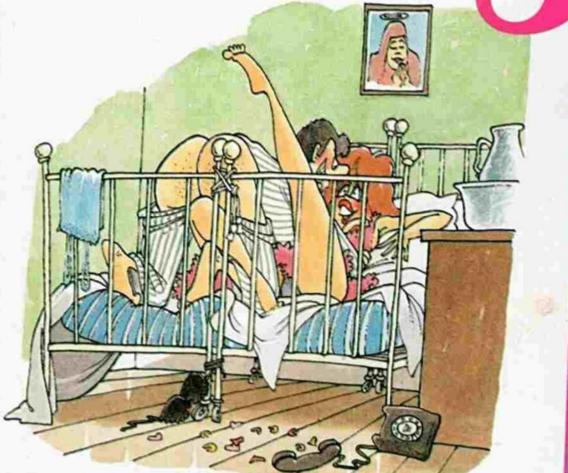
Chantale, London NW1

Photography by Oscar Gooding

Coca-Cola
e 0,33 l

The lighter sid

The trouble with sex is that some people are inclined to take it far too seriously. Why? It's supposed to be amusing, after all. To remind you of this, Club invites its readers and writers to relate their most hilarious build-ups, knock-backs and let-downs in the pursuit of erotic excellence. Brian from Earls Court lets you into a few of his own personal experiences, some of which he was lucky to survive . . .



THE NIGHT I WAS FRAMED

My funniest moment was on my honeymoon 26 years ago.

In an effort to get her retaliation in first, my mother-in-law-elect had suggested to my wife Felicity that we go to Ireland – the land of my fathers. Our courtship had consisted of furtive fumbles, grunts and gasps – "No, let's wait until we're married . . ." "Whaffor?" – and Felicity was looking ravishing in her navy blue going-away dress as we picked confetti out of her hair in the taxi to London Airport.

The Irish, even more than the Italians, look upon marriage as a national occasion. Some fool had gone and told *Aer Lingus*, who sat us in a front compartment with a bottle of champagne in an ice-bucket.

"Now sir," said the pretty stewardess, "Captain's compliments. Himself says you've got to keep your strength up . . ." I had ordered a Ford Consul from Ryan's. Up to the door of the old Central Hotel in Dublin was driven a Cadillac.

"Now come here to me," said the little Barry FitzGerald of a man who had delivered it. "There's no way you can be takin' your darlin' wife touring Ireland in a shagging Ford! What happens if the urge overtakes you on the road to Cork? There's no way a grand man like yerself could be partakin' of your conjugal fhockin' rights wit' your shoes waggin' through the window!"

"I think I shall go and lie down," said Felicity.

The young girl behind the reception desk leaned across and whispered, crimson with embarrassment. "You have the room!"

"What?"

"The one Monsignor O'Flaherty always has. It faces Rome."

We stood speechless. There were two tiny single beds, with an oil painting of The Blessed Virgin hanging above them. We stood on polished floorboards gazing at a blue Wedgwood pitcher and ewer in the far corner beside a tiny sink, and a heavy oak Victorian chest covered with a delicate laceworked cloth between the twin beds.

We looked at each other. Without a word we advanced to the oak chest, pulled it out and pushed it across the gleaming boards. The phone rang. It was reception. "Sir, there's a terrible racket coming from your room. Mrs Shanaghan in 205 directly below says there's murder takin' place . . ."

Felicity took the instrument out of my hand and cooed: "Would you thank Mrs Shanaghan for her enquiry and tell her to mind her own fucking business."

The line gasped and went dead.

We put the beds together, pulled out the sheets and stretched them across. We undressed, we got in. At last, the moment. I took Felicity in my arms with the fervour of any young husband on his wedding night. We coupled, we shafted. My head kept banging the iron bedstead, but I didn't care. I was in another world. We approached the edge of the runway and taxied down to take-off for our first solo together . . .

Crash! Something hit my head with a star-seeing crack, just at the moment of consummation.

The Mother of God had joined us.

OUT ON A LIMB

The strangest place I've ever had sex? That's easy. I don't have to think twice. In fact, I don't have to think at all. It was up an umbrella tree in the middle of the Kalahari desert.

The year: 1979. The month: November. The girl: Dee.

I was on safari, having gone with a party to Zimbabwe from Gatwick, taking in Victoria Falls, and flying on to Wankie, a game reserve. I was not particularly struck on Dee. Too much mouth; too obvious, with her big tits, short shorts, and hip-swivel action as she teetered through the bush on high heels.

We had forsaken the zebra-striped United Touring Company's minibus after a couple of days, and gone for the real thing – an open Land-Rover in the bush. Our guide led us on foot around a couple of rutting impala and the chatter of baboons swaying from the branches of a bark-less cedar, towards a watering hole where a buffalo cow and her calf were standing. We got to within ten yards when there was an almighty roar. We froze, turned, and there was the bull 20 yards away, shaking his shaggy jowls, stamping his forelegs into the red African earth. "Up a tree . . . QUICKLY!" hissed the guide.

I ran ten yards to the nearest one and scrambled up. Wood cut into my skin, inside my legs, bruising my knee and ankle bones. I felt light-headed with terror. I just kept on climbing until I came to a thick branch, two foot across. I sank down on it, sweating like a pig with the cold sweat of panic pouring down my back.

I felt something on my foot. I yelped and froze, too scared to speak. "It's me, *Dee*!" she said, as white-faced as the cliffs of Dover, hoisting herself up beside me. "Out here it's obviously women and children *last*."

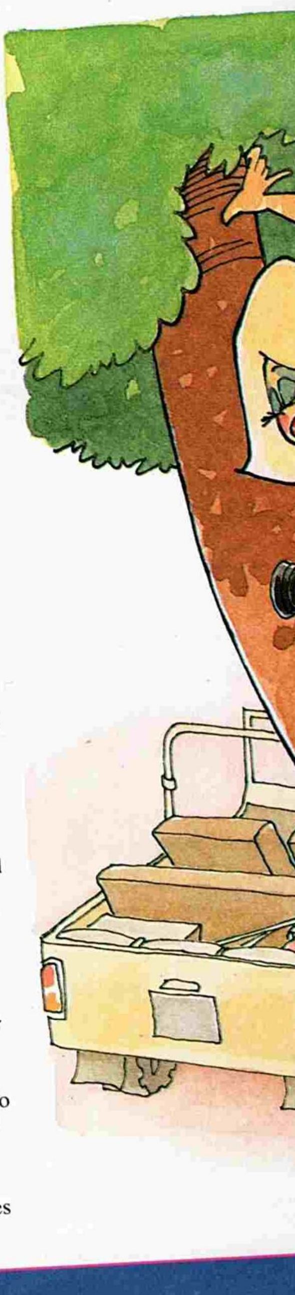
"Oh, fuck off!" I snapped, irritated with this silly bitch.

We looked at each other for a few seconds, saying nothing. I was conscious of her bare leg against mine and her bosom pressed up close to my chest, facing me on the trunk. I realized, too, that fear had given me a tremendous erection. We pressed close, and kissed. I pushed my hand up under her brief shorts. She shuddered and undid me, clasping my penis, urging it in to her. She eased up to let her briefs down . . . and down and down and down, revealing the tiniest of bottoms. Wet and perspiring still, we pushed into each other; she with her back to the trunk, with her front unbuttoned and gloriously bare underneath.

We swung from the bottom-most branch, a good ten feet above the ground, and jumped off one by one, answering our guide's call. Without a word he handed Dee back her shorts.

That night, at the barbecue, I went up to him. "Look, about this afternoon . . ." I began.

He held up a hand, silencing me. "What else do you think men and women do in a situation like that? Do you think the only animals around are those you're here to take pictures of?"

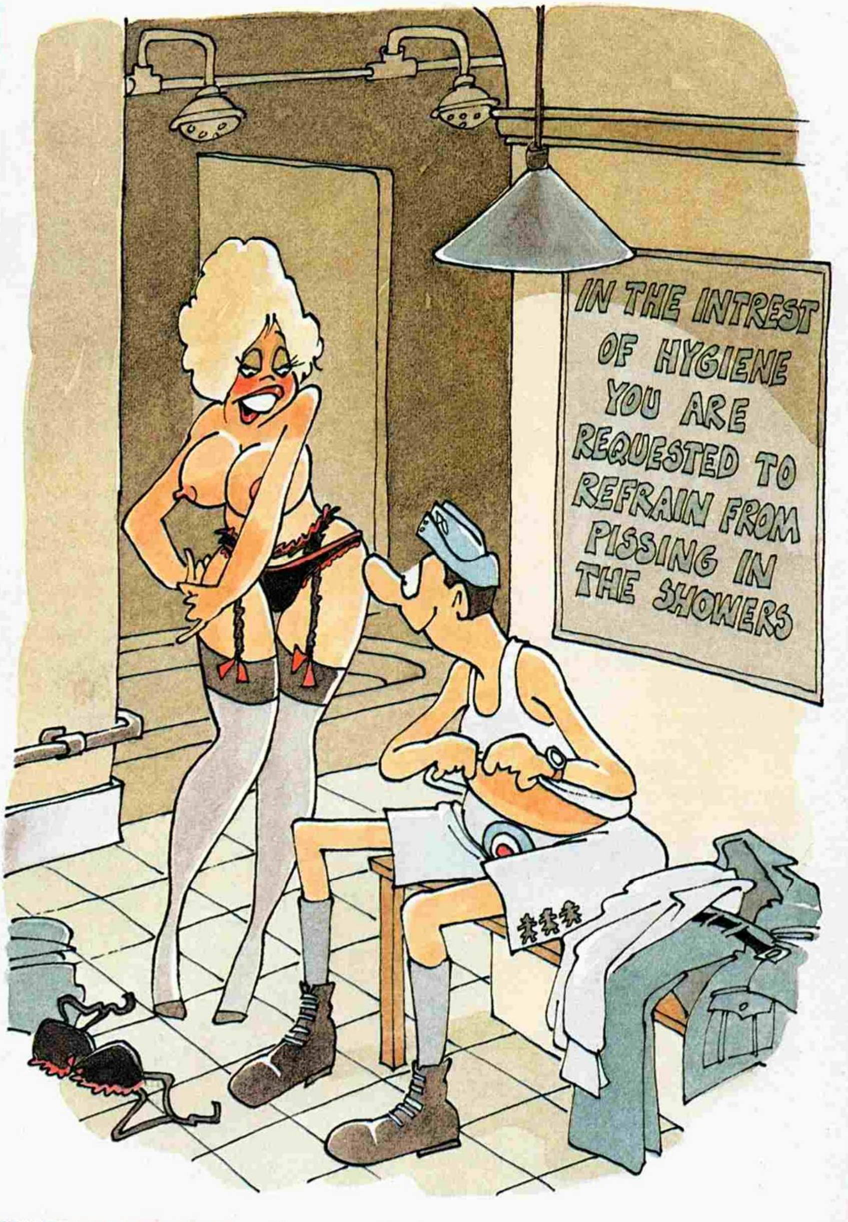


Illustrated by Antony

# of sex

OWN GOAL

Back from cricket. A lovely blonde I had fancied the whole season. Into my flat, into bed. But first, a shower. Slow, deliberate; Ray Milland-ish. Plenty of after-shave. Wearing my mum's birthday present, my new dressing gown. I left the bathroom after taking time over my preparations, just like Mr Milland, to where she would be waiting for me as I had left her. In bed. Whistling a cheerful tune, smarming my hair back, smelling like a pooftah polecat, I entered. There she was . . . almost fully-dressed again, zipping up her skirt. "Um," she said, "I've changed me mind . . ." Where had I gone wrong? Jean Arthur hadn't acted like *that* with Ray Milland. Ah! He had a cigarette holder, which he flourished, making smoke rings . . . "Yes," I said, "lovely to meet you, my love. We mustn't do this again some time."


IN THE INTREST OF HYGIENE YOU ARE REQUESTED TO REFRAIN FROM PISSING IN THE SHOWERS

SWINE FEVER

1951. Ten o'clock on a Sunday night, outside White City station. The coaches back to camp have gone. I'm late. Sod it! I'll have to hitch-hike the best part of the 100 miles to my National Service station in Gloucestershire. Lucky I'm in my Number One uniform; Best Blue. Better chance of a lift.

An old boy in a Morris Oxford takes me out along the A40 to Oxford. Two shorter lifts and I'm at Woodstock, near Blenheim Palace, with another 40 miles to go. I see another figure in Air Force blue – that of a woman, a WRAF. "Shall we hitch together?" she smiles. I agree. Drivers tend to stop more for the sight of a woman in uniform than a bloke. A businessman in a Daimler drops us near the Chipping Norton turn-off, and speeds away into the night. We walk stoically towards "Chippy": The town's like a tomb. We look at each other ruefully. Moreton-in-Marsh is another 12 miles. We'll walk it if we have to, but we don't want to.

Her name is Jean. She's been posted in from the WRAF's square-bashing camp to undergo her basic medical training as an orderly at Medical and Dental Training Establishment. Like me, she was home on a 36-hour pass (noon Saturday to 2359 Sunday). We've 40 minutes left of it.

There's a crash and a bang, and the start of a battered engine starting up. From the other side of the cobbled square emerges a farm wagon of pre-war vintage. Yes, he's going our way. Yes, he'll give us a lift. "But not in front, mind. Oi never takes nobody up in the cab wi' me. Thems the rules."

He didn't say: "Take it or leave it." He didn't have to. Taciturn, uncompromising Gloucestershire yokel, at his bloody-minded best.

I help Jean up over the tailboard. Inside, it stinks. There's a pile of pigswill, some dry sacks, and such an agricultural odour that it seems to have peeled away the paint. We snuggle up and cuddle up and laugh a lot, and kiss. Jean's breasts are round and they firm up under her highly-polished jacket buttons as her skirt rides up her thighs to the waist.

The wagon stops. We get off and walk through the front gate to the Guard Room to report back. The Sergeant wrinkles his nose, but doesn't say a word until we are almost out of earshot. "You two . . . I shouldn't walk into your billets smelling like that, if I were you. You ought to try the Decontam Centre."

The Decontamination Centre? We look at each other. "Yes! What a good idea!" breathes Jean. "We can put our uniforms into the de-louser. Nobody's around at this time of night." We eel around the YMCA, creep across the WRAF flight lines and in we go, locking the thick blitz door securely behind us.

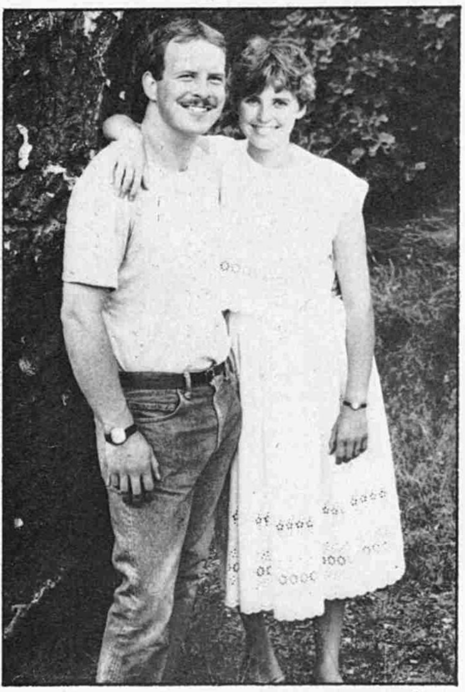
Jean isn't wearing anything remotely Air Force issue underneath. Just a sexy Shaftesbury Avenue full underset in erotic black with red piping.

"Oooh, these smell, too," she said, taking everything off. "They need a wash. So do I. Let's have a shower. I'd rather smell of RAF carbolic than pigshit!"

As I stepped naked into the shower with her, I said: "Shall we thank that man if we ever see him again?"

WOULD YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO JOIN Dateline

-for friends, love or marriage?



Suzanne and Tim — engaged
'I thought Suzanne was too attractive to be a member of Dateline. I thought the only people who used dating agencies were the real lonely-hearts types, but not at all!'

Sue and Martin — married
Sue says: 'I met genuine men who honestly and truly wanted to meet new people as much as I did; who wanted to make friends, and have a good time — and I met Martin!'

Margaret and Louis — married
'When you meet other members of Dateline you know they have gone into it with the same attitude as yourself — they want to meet people. Some people think Dateline is cold but you are meeting men who have something in common with you, and quite frankly how else do you meet them?'

WHO JOINS DATELINE?

People just like you! Currently 2,000 people a month join Dateline, so you probably already know people who have used the Dateline service, or met through Dateline.

People who join Dateline come from all over the country — from farms, villages, market towns and cities. The problems of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality. The backgrounds and occupations of Dateline members are equally varied — MP's, surveyors, solicitors, engineers, doctors, journalists, teachers, secretaries, stockbrokers, nurses, chemists, receptionists, bus drivers and even zoo keepers. Loneliness is classless. What all Dateline members have in common is an optimistic, positive attitude in tackling the problem practically. Meeting someone special is difficult, but after that the romance is easy.

WHY?

If the disco is not for you, your friends are all married, you don't meet anyone through work, you have just moved to a new area, or you are newly single again — just where do you begin? There really are very few ways you can meet the kind of people you want to meet. Dateline is simply the most honest and realistic way of being introduced to a wide choice of compatible partners. It also saves a lot of wasted time and expense!

HOW DOES DATELINE WORK?

When you join Dateline you will complete a very comprehensive questionnaire, information from which will be confidentially locked into the memory of our computer; the matching process, in which your data is compared with every Dateline member of the opposite sex, will then begin. Finally the computer will have found the most compatible matches for you, and their details will be forwarded to you. You will also be matched to other compatible people living in your area, and they will contact you. And so, with your year's membership, a whole new social life begins.

IS DATELINE SUCCESSFUL?

Yes, in many different ways! Some people simply have a wonderful time, meeting as many new people as possible, sharing new interests, going out, just enjoying themselves. Some are looking for the companionship, the love and romance of one or two relationships, and others are looking for a special love with marriage in mind.

Many thousands of couples have met and married through Dateline, as the Dateline questionnaire is designed to match couples through many facets of physical type, personality and life-style; not just matching those who want to meet people similar to themselves, but those who also want to meet someone different. With Dateline you meet the people you want to meet, who also want to meet you.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to: ***Dateline Computer Dating, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8.***

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2 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

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Dateline

LIFE WITH Linzi

LINZI DREW, probably the sexiest and most photographed model of all time, just happens to write exclusively for Club International. Aren't you lucky?

Numa

Life as a glamour model isn't all fun and games, you know. These past few months, I've been half-killed in a car crash for a new Ken Russell movie, I've been an AIDS carrier in a recent TV mini-series and now I'm a fag-puffing charlady who strips off. Whatever next?

You see, this mate of mine runs a kissogram agency; and when he gets any unusual requests, he always calls on me. I don't know why, I'm sure!

Anyway, last week he received a telephone call from an elderly business gent who fancied playing a bit of a joke on a couple of his younger colleagues at their club. Apparently, his two associates are terribly, terribly boring and spend all their days with their noses stuck deep into their copies of the *Financial Times*. The clever old boy knew they'd be far better off occasionally sticking their noses into a good raunchy copy of Club. Too much makes you go deaf, dumb *and* blind – only it's *work* I'm referring to now, not the other.

Kinky Boots

So this wily old chap, who could see the tedious twosome were working far too hard, sent me along as a little light relief. Of course, I had to have a disguise. Can you imagine them welcoming me at the entrance to their very old and established club in the heart of St James's, dressed only in PVC knickers and kinky boots? They'd probably refuse me entry for not wearing a tie . . .

Funnily enough, nobody took a blind bit of notice when I sneaked in through the tradesmen's entrance with my feather duster, dragging my Hoover and decked out like Mrs Mop. What no one could see was that I had all my sexy gear on underneath my overall.

I soon found my two victims and zeroed in on them, bustling along domestically with my Hoover. They were avidly discussing the rise in the Dow Jones Index when I rudely interrupted them.

"'Ere, luv, lift up yer feet so I can get me Hoover in!" I cackled in my most raucous tone, with a dog end dangling out of one side of my mouth. It tasted revolting as I don't smoke, but it was a necessary part of the act.

This guy looked at me incredulously, gulped down a large swig of brandy and promptly lifted his immaculately polished shoes high off the ground. His friend followed suit as I busied myself under their chairs, humming inanely.

The pair of them were tutting away as I leaned right over them to dust the panelled walls. They were beginning to look very angry and it looked as though they might be about to call a steward at any moment to voice a complaint. So I thought I'd better hurry up and get my gear off.

Their eyes nearly popped out of their heads when I squatted down on my trusty Hoover and took off my specs, quickly followed by my scarf and curlers. I fluffed up my curly blonde locks, discarded my fag and gave them a very suggestive pout.

The city slickers were totally confused by now; I looked pretty glam up top, but my holy socks and slippers down below didn't quite match. Quick as a flash, I whipped off my dowdy overall and popped on some high heels. I stood there in my sparkly undies and silky stockings, watching them as their mouths dropped. When I took my tits out I thought one of them was going to have a heart attack, so I beat a hasty retreat – but not before I gave them a nice, juicy flash of my pussy!

It was very definitely a quick flash, as I wanted to make my escape before having my collar felt. But I'm pretty sure that fleeting glance of boobs and puss did those guys the world of good, because they weren't half chuckling when I kissed them both before zooming off.

The only problem was, in my haste, I forgot my bloody Hoover. I'm far too chicken to go back and collect it, so any bright ideas would be gratefully received!

Not all my kissogram jobs are quite so involved. Usually, I just wander into a party half-dressed and proceed to remove the rest of my clothes. It's all very good fun and everyone has a good laugh.

Last week, though, I did come up against a few problems. One poor chap had a full pint of lager chucked over his head from his irate girlfriend after just two very tame kisses. It's a good job I didn't go to town or I'd probably have been drowned as well! Another hasty retreat.

Snogging Session

It isn't always cut and run. A couple of weeks ago I was booked for a kissogram, only there was no way I was dashing off after this one – as all the guys there were so bloody good-looking.

The do was a stag party in a posh restaurant in Chelsea. The groom-to-be was absolutely gorgeous, but the Best Man was even better. So, after a huge and enjoyable snogging session with the bridegroom-to-be, I turned my full attention to his Best Man.

We sat there canoodling, celebrating with what seemed like gallons and gallons of

force
modified pay
for teachers
Moscow talks optimistic
on arms deal

champagne. I decided this was a pretty good time to put most of my clothes back on. There was no shortage of helping hands to assist me in this exercise. And, of course, I was grateful for the assistance.

When I was almost decent, we headed off to a night club in the West End. Perry (who was by now *my* Best Man), found a nice secluded corner and we got into a very smoochy embrace. His hot lips on mine were sending shivers all up and down my spine, as his hands flicked at my nipples through my thin dress. His hands wandered down to my stocking tops, which were partly-revealed through the split in my dress, and his gentle stroking of my inner thighs was almost making me cream my G-string.

As I sat on his knee his hands found their way inside my dress, right up to my pussy. Slowly he slid his two fingers into my juicy quim and I came immediately, desperately stifling an urge to scream. I like a good holler when I come!

Sunken Bath

In my tipsy state I felt so horny, I would have been quite content to have fucked Perry then and there in the corner of the club. But he had other ideas. He whisked me off in a cab to a really ritzy suite in a hotel, complete with sunken bath and a huge bed, where he proceeded to suck my pussy for hours. Of course, I was delighted to return the compliment, so I spent another pleasant hour or so playing with his cock – gobbling, sucking, nibbling and licking away to my heart's content. I'm pretty sure he was enjoying it, too.

In the early hours of the following morning, we eventually consummated our relationship with a heavenly fuck. His hot throbbing cock rammed deep inside me, pumping away relentlessly before shooting huge amounts of spunk into my quivering pussy. This brought on another wonderful orgasm for me.

Not all my kissograms are quite that much fun, unfortunately, but it's great when it does happen. Later tonight I'm dashing off to deliver a birthday snog to some fella, so I'll keep my fingers crossed. Or should it be my legs?

So I'd better say ta-ta, 'cos I have to hurry off and search for various undies, which I can never seem to find at the last minute. If I can't find them, I'm afraid I'll just have to do without, won't I . . .?♣

Linzi

Photographs by Charles Haydn

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
The experience I'm about to relate to you will hopefully arouse and excite you as much as it did me.

I live in a rented flat, where I've been having a steady relationship with the landlady for the past year. It all began one day when I was standing in my lounge wearing my silk stockings, suspenders and French knickers . . . and my landlady walked in through the door. I must have looked a real sight – all that gear, a copy of Club in one hand and my dick in the other.

She walked over to me and said: "Who's a naughty boy, then?" She took my dick in her hand and dropped to her knees. "I'll have to punish you for being so naughty," she said, and took my cock into her mouth. Some punishment!

She licked all over my cock, occasionally flicking my knob end with her tongue. Every time I was about to come, she expertly stopped me – until she was ready for my orgasm. Then, I erupted all over her face.

I sat on the floor, looking on as she began to strip in front of me. She exposed her silk stockings, her G-string and her ample tits (size 38Ds – they are just *fantastic*!). I clenched her bum cheeks and pulled her towards me. I stood up, and we groped and stroked each other for a bit. Of course, my cock was now back in action again; I've never known it harden so quickly after an orgasm. I felt it brush against her pussy, and this really gave me the hots.

We went over and lay on the bed. I moved on top of her and she guided me into her sweet hole, easy as you like. I began to shag like never before, biting her tits while she dug her nails into my back. When she orgasmed, it caused me to shoot, too, and I gushed a whole lot of spunk into her fanny.

We quickly changed positions, moving into a classic 69. We sucked each other's juices, and my spunk tasted really nice mixed in with her come. I continually flicked my tongue over her swollen clit, and this made her come again and again.

We called a halt to it after about two hours, both absolutely knackered. I really enjoyed it, Linzi, but my only regret is that it wasn't you I had been doing it with. I'm sure you think the same.

Well, you *do*, don't you . . . ?

Big Horn John, South Wales

I'd be willing to wager your rent hasn't gone up any in the past year or so. And was it your landlady who gave you the "Big Horn" title? By coincidence, there's another Big Horn John who writes to me occasionally. Maybe everyone called John has a big one.

Dear Linzi,
In reply to your request for a bright spark to tell you how to get a soft, pink and bald pussy – well, here is a bright spark.

I have been hairless around my cock for about three years, and it's great. What I use is a depilatory cream called "Bikini Bare" and after I have taken the stubble off I put on the finishing cream provided, which leaves my skin soft, smooth and silky. The best part of it is that when the hair grows back it is not all prickly, but quite smooth.

If you do decide to take your pussy hair off – and I hope you will – trim most of it off with a pair of scissors first.

Dave, Sutherland

Thanks for your helpful advice, Dave. I shan't actually be shaving my little puss for a month or so as I've one or two modelling assignments that require me "hairy". I've also decided to let my hunky hairdresser lend a hand, when I get around to being a baldie again.

Dear Linzi,
As I was wanking over your pictures in Club International, I nearly came with excitement to hear that you could take a juicy fucking for 40 minutes with four lads.

Well, I've got 11 other mates who would love to play about with your clit and stick their eight-inch dicks up your sweaty cunt and lick the love juice as it pours out.

We're all in the Army and we've had a good few fucks in our time. But we'd dearly love to get stuck up you. You must get a lot of letters like this, but this one is for real. I hope *you're* for real, then we could all come down to London and have a really good orgy, with a lot of fucking and licking and sticking our juicy, fat pricks up you, as well as having a go at sticking them between your bouncing tits and giving them a good shagging.

I hope you're fit enough to be able to take 12 dicks shafting away at you for hours on end. Your pictures in Club show me that you have a very hairy twat which looks good for a nice fucking and a nice, wide hole which could just about take my prick.

So if you want to meet up with us all for a wild sex orgy, just write.

Dave, Steve, Junior, Rambo,
Scouse, Peter, Cartmell,
Hickman, Chris, Ging, John
and Nibbs – Newcastle

I think I'd better take a rain check on your offer, boys, as 12 randy Army guys like yourselves would be a bit too much even for me to handle; but if you form an orderly queue we might be able to work something out!

Dear Linzi,
I have been a big fan of yours since you commenced your articles in Club International. A few months ago I saw you on the Piccadilly line on the London Underground. You got off at Piccadilly Circus, but I didn't have the courage to say hello. You were wearing a bright yellow coat and had on tight, bright red trousers. You looked gorgeous, and I must say your photos don't do you justice.

That night, you featured in my dream, in which I removed your yellow jacket and trousers and then pulled down your skimpy white panties. I took them off, holding them under my nose and inhaling the strong aroma of your stained pussy juice. Then, pulling down my trousers and underpants, you ordered me to wank off over your arse cheeks. You bent over, and I ran my hands over those firm globes and afterwards started to wank.

My wanking got faster and I could feel my climax coming. With a loud moan, I shot my spunk, splattering over your bum cheeks. Spurt after spurt erupted, splashing gallons of creamy spunk over your wonderful arse.

Then I woke up in a right state. I had a massive erection which I had to relieve by masturbating, reliving that dream and shooting my load over my stomach.

You're the tops, Linzi. Keep up the good work.

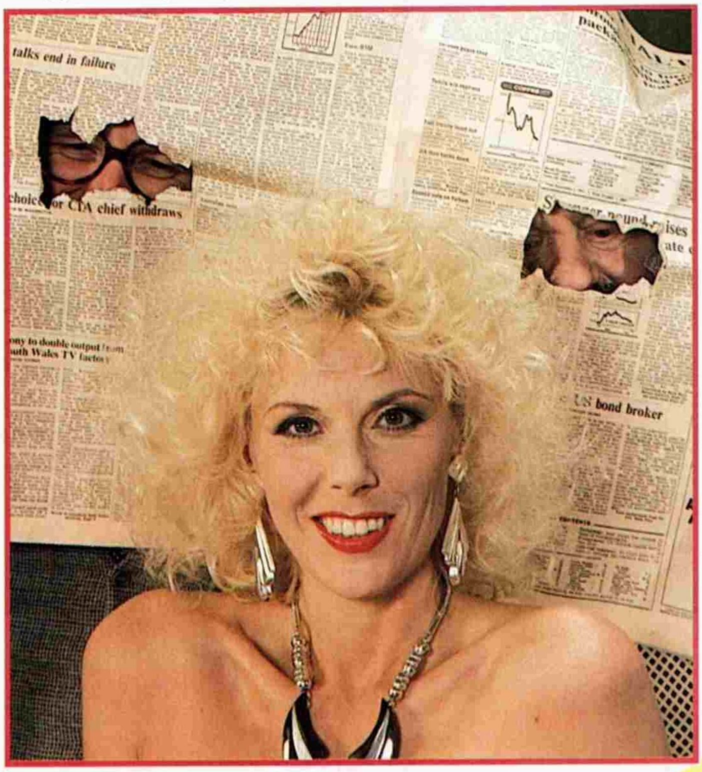
Peter, London W4

To be honest, Peter, I'm glad you didn't do all that on the tube – you might have got us both arrested.

Dear Linzi,
I have not had it off with a woman yet, but I like all women of the world – Scandinavian women, Indian women, black women, Asian women, half-caste women, blondes, brunettes, redheads – it doesn't matter to me. I could go round the world, couldn't I? Indeed, I could go on a world scruise!

Andy, Winchester

And you never know, Andy – you might even be able to go around the world in 80 lays. ♣



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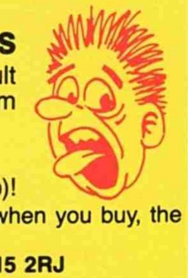

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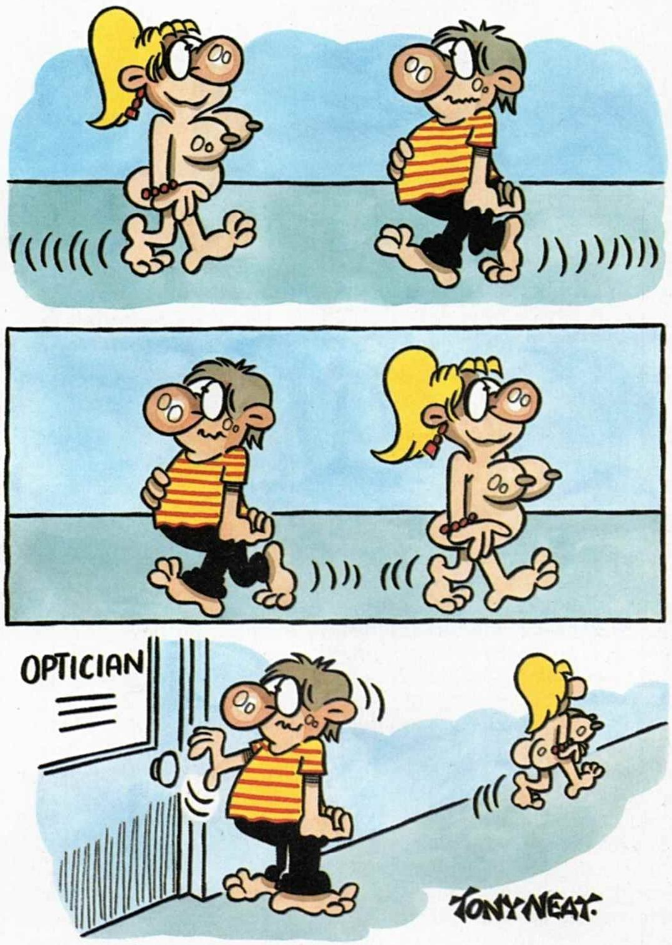
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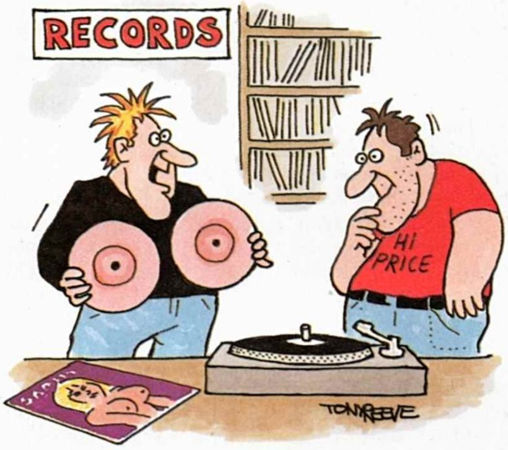
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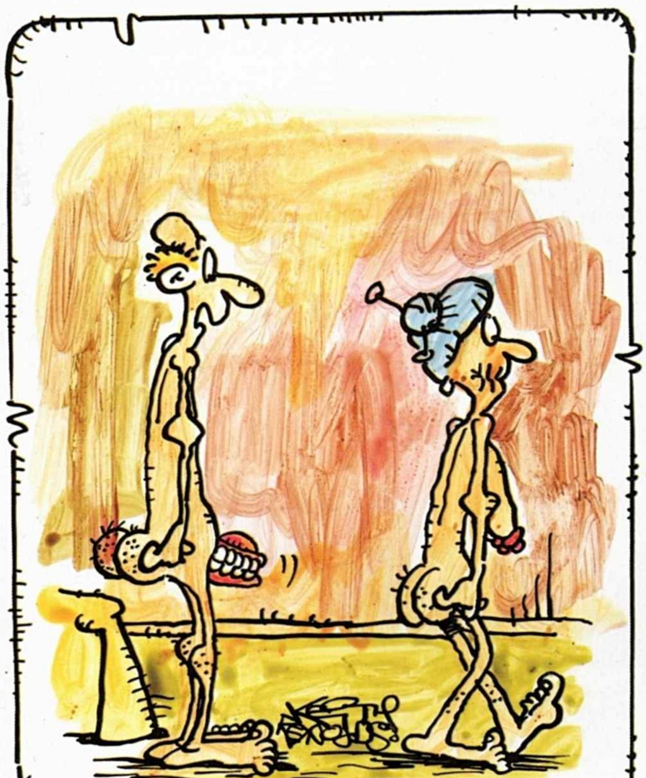

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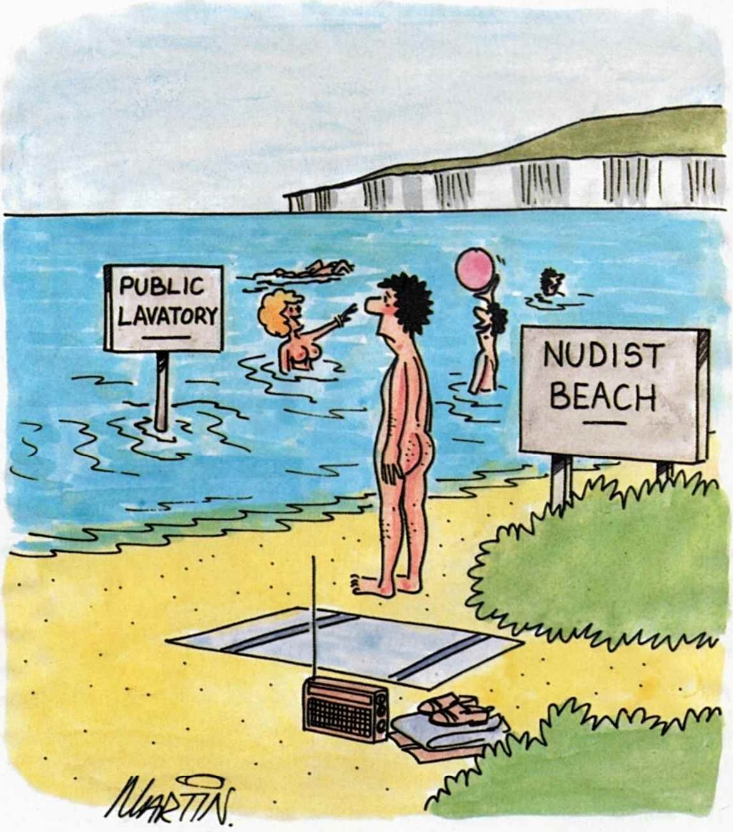
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BED, BOOK AN

It's reunion time for JIMMY DOYLE, who meets up again with Trench – only she's now called SOPHIE. Much more sensible. And just to make things *really* interesting, she's brought along her chum, MONICA. Makes you wonder how JD manages to get any reviewing done at all, doesn't it?

If there's one person on the planet I never expected to clap eyes on again, it was Trench, the waif (remember her?). Yet here she was, on my doorstep, virtually unrecognizable by virtue of the smooth alterations she had made to her appearance. Gone was the spiky, boyish haircut, the lunatic protest garments and that mild allergy to soap and water. A sleek, long-haired silhouette (reeking of Sandalwood) was smiling back at me instead, telling me with hands on hips that she'd taken the name "Sophie" out of hock for a re-trial. But the real eyebrow-raiser in this touching reunion was the fact that she'd thoughtfully brought a friend along – small, dark, equally nubile, with pear-shaped breasts jutting from a tight sweater like a couple of cartoon torpedo tubes, and a Sainsbury's carrier bag filled with Tamla Motown LPs.

Imagine that. I'm only just recovering from a surfeit of crazy Maisie tactics and almost at once I'm hurled into an opportunity to participate in the archetypal male fantasy: three in a bed, two female. Well, good morning, Venus. Have a nice day.

"I told Monica about this strange set-up you've got here with sex, booze, films and books," said Trench – I mean, *Sophie* – in typically brazen style, "and she thought she'd like to give it a go."

The pair of them stared at me quite lasciviously. I felt like one of those moist newspaper cuttings where the ink's already running from the print. I suppose it's the sort of proposal people never turn down unless a full moon in Saturn falls into their Campari and soda, or they're arranging to have stitches out in a day or so and have been told to avoid excitement at all costs. Like an energetic fool, I said: "Yes, make yourselves at home." It occurred to me, as they brushed past, that the old Indian rope trick might come in useful before the weekend was through.

Sweet Version

Right from the start, Sophie and Monica made it plain they weren't there for the novels. Oh, they'd look in on me while I read them, share my bed from time to time, but basically they'd wait for the movies. But if I wanted to fool around right away, that was cool. I didn't. I'm no clockwork operator, even with a fresh fantasy at my disposal. Besides, I was well into Barbara Leaming's adoring biography of **Orson Welles**, that infant prodigy with the fat cigars and a voice full of soft gravel, who began at the top and worked his way down. Both girls found this pretty reasonable and went downstairs to play records, leaving me to it.

Peering from beneath the rather cosy, just-good-friends copy is a zig-zag life bulging with superb incident, which suffered heavily from lack of funds and enemies in high places. As a fake magician entertaining troops, he sawed Rita Hayworth in half, then married her. As a film director, he made *Citizen Kane*, one of the finest ever made. In it, the dying tycoon's last word is "Rosebud". Although it transpired that this was only a childhood toboggan, it also happened to be *real* tycoon Randolph Hearst's sobriquet for the clitoris of his mistress. Welles paid dearly for such a public joke. Leaming is sympathetic to the point of sounding like a schoolgirl on her first blind-date. Once he returned her calls, she never let him out of her sight. So this is the sweet version. There are others, far less generous.

For those of you interested in qualifications for the laughing academy, a strong bet would be to dig out Alison Lurie's **Imaginary Friends**, in which two trained sociologists infiltrate a group of oddly-dressed provincial fanatics who squat on a weekly basis inside an empty, ill-lit room to listen to an undernourished girl in a macrobiotic trance hallucinating benevolent extra-terrestrials. Lurie does not have fun at their expense, rather she twists the whole bizarre episode into a type of murky, convoluted thriller. I read it from cover to cover, as they say.

The same cannot be said for **The Adventures of Robina**, the paltry memoirs of a debutante at the court of Elizabeth II told during a hailstorm (that I could almost hear), then retold by the author in the archaic tongues of Moll Flanders and Fanny Hill. Plenty of sport can be had with a blue-eyed *ingénue*, puzzled as to why men are apt to raise her skirt and dive into the humid interior, then swooning at the signs of any strong emotion. Only an exercise in literary wordplay, I'm afraid, designed to disguise a stupefyingly bland come-uppance. Monica arrived, close to the end, with a large brandy. Her nipples were apparent through the cotton T-shirt. I was grateful for the interruption, let me tell you.

With some reluctance, I resumed the single-handed task of ploughing through **The Cabalist**, in which a gloomy, decaying sorcerer living in Venice discovers an alphabet predating Hebrew. He is mocked in a number of ways, although the elderly prostitute next door is scared celibate by what she's seen him do. Amanda Prantera's a chatty writer, in the habit of bouncing gleefully around her own narrative as if on a trampoline. However, I was more in the mood for brandy than cute Gothic brinkmanship, which this is.

Mostly Topless

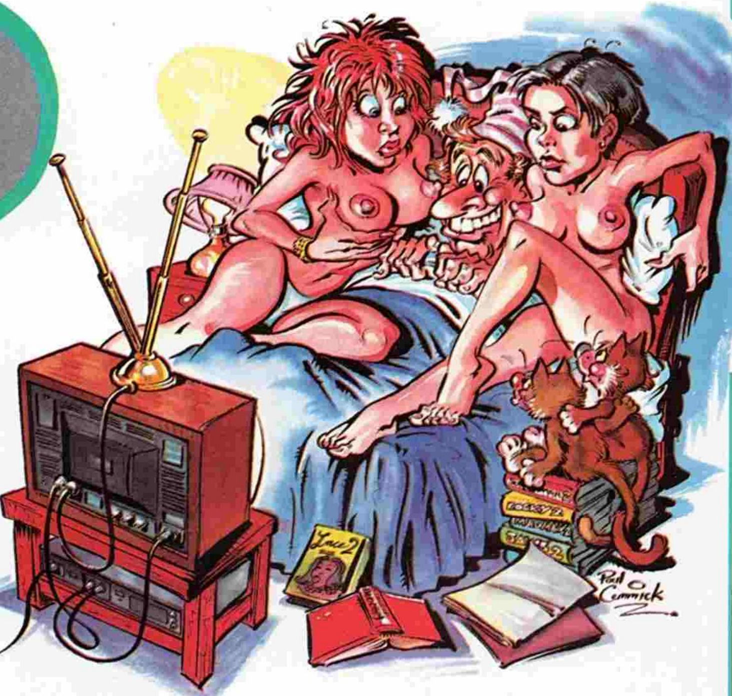
Marina Warner is fairly intrigued by the female form, as I am. In *Alone Of All Her Sex*, she dealt comprehensively with the symbolic impact of the Virgin Mary – or birth minus intercourse, rightly described as "immaculate". Now in **Monuments and Maidens**, she goes several stages further with her references. From the stark erotic doodlings on a Grecian urn to the coloured wool webs at Greenham Common, Warner builds the case for the body of Woman as the most potent mass-produced icon in the world; the map on which most of our meanings are marked.

Scholarly isn't the word for this work. It snagged my attention to the extent that I hardly noticed Sophie and Monica's absence during a local shopping spree, until they returned with a multitude of very appetizing passport photos, mostly topless, which they'd sat for to commemorate the occasion. It was hard for me, at this moment, to visualize these tits – still wet with developing fluid – as metaphors for liberty or war, but at least I tried.

Having achieved precisely the response they were after, they disappeared briefly, exchanging conspiratorial grins, to allow me peace to digest the recent spate of Philip K Dick novels – **The Man In The High Castle** from Penguin, **In Milton Lumky Territory** and **The Man Whose Teeth Were All Exactly**

Sex with imperfect strangers is not all it's cracked up to be as yuppie meets crazy sculptress for long night of erotic doom in ***After Hours***

VIDEO



Alike from Grafton. Dick's posthumous reputation has soared, justifiably so. He is better known for his science fiction forays, and yet his sparse, acrid, documentary-style prose is such that whether he is evoking a hypothetical neon slum where androids dream of electric sheep or the chilly choices facing a manual typewriter salesman from Idaho in the 1950s, the results are eerily similar.

"Dead weird, if you ask me," said Monica, rematerializing from my right shoulder to study one of the jackets.

"Well, he didn't, did he?" Sophie snapped back, jumping in beside me.

As a threesome, we settled in for the final book, **Confessions Of A Failed Southern Lady**, Florence King's insider's guide to berserk sensuality caused by too much focus upon good breeding. "No matter what sex I went to bed with," quips Florence, "I never smoked on the street." The two main afflictions seem to have been neurosis and menstrual tension for, to be a real lady, you need to be highly-strung with a descending womb. This is a fabulous, witty and titillating recollection of ruined elegance from a plucky dame defying sacred traditions with nothing more than a pair of nail scissors. Sophie was riveted by "the dating game" and Monica's eyes popped a little when the love of King's life turned out to be another woman.

The girls were far too keyed-up to discuss Georgian sex perversions, however. They'd done their mathematics, which meant that one of them would have to get out of bed and slip **Mona Lisa** into the Panasonic breach. Monica did this without wiggling her buttocks once. Bob Hoskins plays an ex-con emerging from jail to act as chauffeur to a glacial black hooker (Cathy Tyson) with a bevy of high-rollers in her West End catchment area, all of whom fall for what they think she is. When he's not driving her around or ferrying porn tapes for Michael Caine's red-eyed sleaze baron, Hoskins lives with his fat pal who's deeply into smart crime fiction, especially those with strange clues that might be red herrings or symbols of something even stranger.

"You work for these people, don't you?" asked Sophie, disarmingly. It wasn't a question, the way she put it. More as if someone behind you in a classroom is searching for your vertebrae with a 12-inch ruler.

"As a matter of fact, no," I said. "No one I know drinks liqueurs in a lingerie cupboard." Purely in the interests of a tight lip, I can slide through tactless guesswork like a bar of Swiss glycerine soap.

The King's Cross kerb-crawling sequences in **Mona Lisa** have a dream-like inferno atmosphere about them that recalls *Taxi Driver*, another oddball romance with city sewage, with bottled passions that finally have nowhere to travel except through the barrel of a gun.

Still on the subject of passion, there's always the current sugar-plum box-office duet of Streep and Redford in **Out Of Africa**, serious weep-appeal for folks who believe that men who seduce their women in biplanes or on safari against a background of terrified gazelles are somehow entitled to heroic status. For every one hour in the air, nevertheless, there's another 23 to be spent on the ground, wingless and immobile. What the hell, this is Karen Blixen's Kenya from 1913 to 1931, a brave retreat from European deceits, which tries to leave out the dull parts. The lovers shoot lions without difficulty, but during a torrid scene between them, I sneezed suddenly. Sophie smacked my leg impatiently, while Monica just looked reproachful.

A Zed & Two Noughts was more in my line, less in theirs. This is Peter Greenaway's follow-up to **The Draughtsman's Contract**, and features identical twins who lose their wives in an accident which involves the car in a collision with swans. The only survivor, a voluptuous Frenchwoman who has had one leg amputated, sleeps with both of them despite the fact that neither can tell the difference between pleasure and grief.

"Is this film about fucking?" Sophie wanted to know. She and Monica had managed to excavate a tin of biscuits from the kitchen, with the result that she was crunching one loudly and spitting crumbs as she uttered this.

"Amongst other things, I suppose," I replied, refusing to be provoked.

"Why can't it just be about fucking?"

"Because people tend to get very bored watching that happen without intermission. Take my word for it."

Needless to say, they didn't like it. Greenaway's shock strategy, meddling with erotic taboos in this jerky and enigmatic time-lapse fashion couldn't really compete with shortbread or custard creams.

A similar noisy verdict greeted **Captive**, an obsessive but oblique treatment of a young rich girl trapped inside a lavish castle and dominated by her father (Oliver Reed), before she gets spirited away by sentimental kidnappers, two boys and a woman. They throw her into packing crates or suspend her, nude, from a trapeze bar until she is ready to pour acid over art treasures. It's a modern fairy-tale going sour from the daughter's point of view, sweet sexual enchantment giving way to a spiral of identities and sensory deprivation.

As an example of how much trouble an executive bulge in the pants will get you, especially in the SoHo district of New York, Martin Scorsese's **After Hours** is a truly dark and humorous classic. Griffin Dunne plays the amiable yuppie from a computer firm who encounters a very unstable female in a coffee bar, then fixes up a late date under the impression that a fast fuck is more important than not risking your life. He loses his money, his shirt, his keys and some of his hair, and still he can't get home. He meets four women all in the space of one night, each one as weird and dangerous as the piece of toilet graffiti he sees down there – a man's cock being chewed off by a shark. As nightmares go, you won't see a better one this year. Me and my bedmates are unanimous on that.

Korean Massage

From there, we passed in the Mojave desert for Robert Altman's pretty surreal **Fool For Love**, where May and Eddie (probably the most desolate pair of lovers you're likely to see outside of a Korean massage parlour) square up and squabble over the remains of their relationship. Sam Shepard is Eddie, the confused cowboy. Kim Basinger is May. Right now, she is doing for screen underwear (especially slips) what Ronald Reagan has done for global paranoia. And her eyes are so *green*.

Fool For Love's about emotional trespassing, because there's one other thing you should know. Eddie and May share the same father. Technically, that's incest, and maybe explains why a full-throated kiss by the horse-trailer is followed by a kick in the balls. The girls were mesmerized, or so I thought.

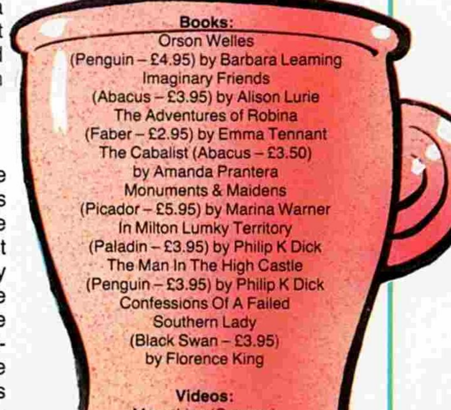
"They never fucked," said Sophie, using that word again. She sounded disappointed.

"That's right," I said. "Is it important?"

"Yes. It's what two people do."

"Or three," Monica butted in with a hopeful gleam.

Sooner or later, I knew that such ridiculous repartee would drift towards the predictable goatish demonstration. It was bound to. I feel kind of serious about a movie like that, but the girls were voting for a hot three-way party straight away. They'd eaten their biscuits and taken their T-shirts off. Sophie was already fingering herself, and Monica simply looked at me the way a child with a bleeding thumb looks at a crêpe bandage. I was outnumbered. What could I do?



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In Milton Lumky Territory
(Paladin – £3.95) by Philip K Dick
The Man In The High Castle
(Penguin – £3.95) by Philip K Dick
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(Black Swan – £3.95)
by Florence King

Videos:
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club Portrait

Alexis Lykiard talks to

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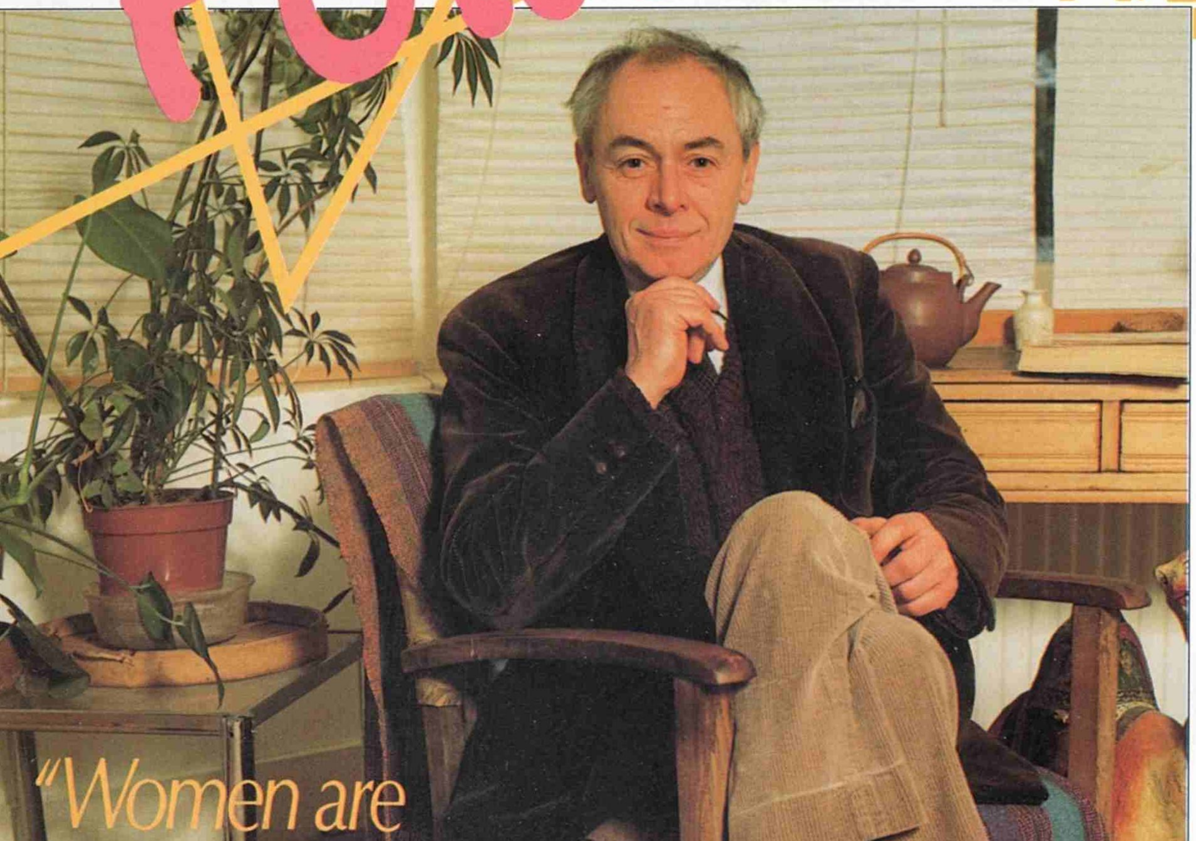

"Women are beginning to get the chance now to look at men's bodies as erotic..."

Sex might not be the first subject that springs to mind in connection with R. D. Laing, a man some people still regard as a psychiatric superstar, but it happens to be the topic uppermost in his head at the moment, as he's currently writing a book about sexuality. As you'd expect, those views are not exactly orthodox, coming as they do from someone who, during the 60s (his heyday as a cult hero and champion of the supposedly insane), helped found a whole series of hostels in which radical treatments were proposed by him and carried out with full co-operation from the patients.

Laing's theories on schizophrenic behaviour, which he has described as "a special strategy that a person invents in order to live in an unlivable situation", have slowly become seminal texts in that particular field of research. To a large extent, he's brought psychiatry itself out of the private closet and into the public sector. His influential books on and around the subject of madness or messy games played inside relationships, such as *The Politics Of Experience*, *The Divided Self*, *Self and Others*, *The Facts Of Life*, *Knots* and *Do You Love Me?* (all in print, and published by Penguin Books), have acquired a reputation as bestsellers, and are constantly reprinted.

More recently, his writings have drifted into an area of lighter entertainment, just as his own life has gradually become less and less subject to the blaze of publicity which would accompany virtually anything he said. To a large extent, Laing has retired from public speaking, having adopted a quiet lifestyle in the large period house near Chalk Farm tube station, North London, where I met him.

I found him a relaxed, congenial, grey-haired Scot in his late 50s. He was dressed very casually in sweater, cord trousers and trainers. Half-spectacles bobbed perilously on the bridge of his nose as he welcomed me indoors. Like I said, his present preoccupation is with sex, soon to produce a scholarly text which will no doubt raise further controversy. Naturally, under the circumstances, this is precisely what we discussed . . .

I wonder if you know the Viennese satirist, Karl Kraus. One of his nicest vignettes concerns a whore in a Vienna whorehouse who was convicted, not of being a prostitute, but for wearing a military medal in a brothel!

Was she entitled to it?

No, she'd been given it as a present by one of her customers! She was convicted for some sort of dishonourable mockery of the system. Of course it turned her customers on. Likewise in the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris. In the early 60s I'd a friend who choreographed striptease for this club, one of the leading striptease places at that time.

Blue Film

Two numbers drove the customers wild; an American football number, done by the girls with steel helmets on and nothing else. A sort of skit, but it was the combination of that male activity and these girls doing it... The other was a striptease in reverse. He had someone coming on completely *dénudée*, then slowly dressing herself, which really got people screaming!

Do you think nudity has now become more accessible and perhaps less mysterious, so erotic tastes have turned jaded? Are we looking for other things, or will that particular demand remain constant?

The situation hasn't changed nearly as much as it may appear to have done, via more open presentation in the media of naked human beings or of physical intimacy. The *access* human beings have for such intimacy is still of a very limited and restricted order. Despite the media, access to real, unleashed harmless fun and pleasure between each other's bodies is not generally open. You can ask why, but students or factory workers don't feel it is... There's not any easy access between body and body, between women and men. A study done by a couple of sociologists in Britain in the 50s found that 85 per cent of working-class married men and women over 45 had never seen their spouses naked.

Let alone having seen a blue film or sex show?

Well, if you've never seen your husband or wife naked, you can imagine why you might be driven to see a blue film. According to the first Kinsey Report, the average length of time the American male spent with his penis inside a woman – from putting it in to taking it out – was *2½ minutes*! That was in the late 40s or early 1950s. But you've got to contextualize, put it into a whole cultural-social context; the interest in actually *seeing* those parts of a woman that appeal to man's depravity revealed in a photograph in a magazine. I'm sure magazines like yours wouldn't have such large circulations if men and women were more accessible to each other for that sort of spice.

Perhaps. But do you think there's something more behind this, like a concealed social policy which believes that if it's discovered how enjoyable sex can be, we'd have anarchy? People might say if play is fun, why work? If sex and women's bodies are pleasurable, let's spend more time with them – not just 2½ minutes.

Let's have 2½ hours! Or whatever. They'll still get back to work in the morning. You can't blame it on long and fatiguing hours. There's plenty of time. If all the guys in all the pubs round here wanted to spend the time making love with women during the time they're drinking in pubs and telling jokes about doing it, they could do so. It's not a matter of time.

So if people really wanted sex they wouldn't channel their desire into so many other forms of amusement or diversion?

I'll make a vast generalization. Take a country like Brazil, which isn't sexually uptight. People work hard there. Sex has never been a particular preoccupation of the working class. But one of the main changes in the last 20 years or so is the advent of control or partial control of procreation. So sex for recreation and sex for procreation has a clear dividing line, laid down by biological and technological possibilities.

Do you think magazines like Club International are still written, compiled and read mainly by men?

No question that the style of published erotica – in the last 100 years or so and today – is mainly male eyes behind the cameras, so to say. Mainly females photographed, mainly males who buy this. With the socio-economic, ideological balance of power between men and women balancing up at present, there seems to be a certain diminution of patriarchal power, and a certain increase in matriarchal or feminine power.

Male Industry

I don't imagine that'd mean a decrease in erotica, but it might result in more erotica from a woman's eyes, looking *at* men, with that type of look that men have been able to indulge themselves in, purely in relation to women. Women are beginning to get the chance now to look at *men* that way, looking at *their* bodies as erotic, aesthetic objects. Some women certainly like to look at that erotica which has been largely a male industry through the eyes of men.

Yet take a film like **Pumping Iron 2**, ***featuring female body-builders. Is it a slightly grotesque example of women wanting equality? A desirable enhancement of femininity?***

Sex is so much tied in with power, control, domination. The old Freudian position about women's penis-envy is a case in point. I completely agree with those feminist writers of either sex who made the point that it's not so much that cannons, machine-guns, revolvers, rockets, etc, are penis symbols, but that the phallus is a symbol of the power which the person who inhabits the body with a penis attachment wields in the world. If "soft" rather than "hard", "rounded" rather than "angular" contours were tokens of power, then just as many men would want to have female physical attributes as women are said to want to have male attributes. But I haven't found that in my own practice. If I hadn't read this in books, I wouldn't have been able to make such a generalization out of my own experience of women, both professionally and personally.

Superior Sex

What many men think is envy of themselves on the part of women loops back into the thought that: "I would like to be you, in order to be a man and make love – not with another man, but with those attractive women that you can make love with, including myself. I would like to be *you* in order to make love with *me*." Which is a rather nice thought men tend to despise. The gay male hasn't found it necessary to pine for being a woman in order to make love to a man. Interestingly, though, there seem to be far more men who want to have a sex change, to *become* women. Very often this is because they want to be attractive to men. And not so many women want to have a sex change – which is technically just as feasible – in order to become attractive to women.

Wouldn't the more extreme feminists say that is because women are the superior sex, in the sense that their bodies are more desirable, hence more powerful, and that furthermore men can't give birth to children?

The men I've known who have wanted, or actually made the physical switch to becoming women, have usually been dissatisfied with their gay life with men. They wanted to *attract* men, in the physical personae of women. You might say a militant feminist lesbian wouldn't demean herself by wanting to change bodies with a man in order to have an affair with a fellow woman. She doesn't feel that's necessary. And I think what you said is true, as far as one dare generalize about it; namely that women in a sense have more confidence in the destiny of their own sex than men have as regards *their* sex. We're moving into the biological-technological revolution where individual men (think of the implications of sperm banks!) are less individually necessary than individual women.

What do you think is the difference between pornography and erotica?

I don't know how to use these words. If you look up the word "pornography" in the OED it says: "Writings about courtesans and unchastity." So that doesn't quite seem to fit. I think it's to do with *harmlessness*. I've got a general philosophy of harmlessness. I think it's a good idea that other people don't do me any harm. I don't like people doing other people in, against their will, in a really vicious, nasty way, for sheer spite, malice or self-indulgence. I don't like that happening in any combination, whether it's men and women, women and women, or men and men. Nothing to do with *sex*, that. It's a general idea of live and let live.

If we wish to turn our sex life into a Genet-ian scene by consent, dramatizing between ourselves some sort of delight or pleasure, by together making our bodies the occasion of some Absurd or Surrealist Theatre – then I don't feel any desire to stop anyone doing that. And if I feel like doing that, I don't feel anyone's got a right to stop me doing that with someone else who feels like doing that with me: but not *damaging* another human being for the sake of the pleasure and the power there is in being *able* to damage, the pleasure in being able to *harm*. Nevertheless, I don't think power itself is a bad thing.

If exercised properly, you mean?

The proper exercise of power is the best way to keep down violence. If everyone knows where they are, when all's said and done, it'd be quiet and peaceful. It's when there's a *loss* of power that things get out of hand. Violence breaks out both on the so-called powerful side and the powerless side, and consequently the whole thing becomes a total mess. That's one of the things I learned in the Army. If you've got a *volunteer* army, everyone is in it because they *consent* to be in it, so they all get on perfectly well, we've got our ordered system. Otherwise you get reciprocal violence breaking out and people actually lusting to do damage to others, to destroy other people. I don't like that, whether it's done in the field of sex or not.

As far as the effects of sex, in print or in person, are concerned, where do we need to draw the line?

A distinction needs to be made here between people enjoying themselves physically together and not coming out of this maimed, damaged or deliberately harmed for the sake of the pleasure involved in doing harm to somebody through sexual acts – that is to say, degrading someone, doing them in, physically, emotionally or mentally. I think *that's* indecent. Let's call that *pornographic sexuality*. Leaving aside a type of feminist objection to human bodies being looked at objectively, whether women's bodies or men's.

You mean looking equals exploitation?

Well, not necessarily: I think you can look at a woman (as I hope liberated women can look at a man) and appreciate the beauty of the human form, or desire it if you happen to desire it – and that isn't in itself exploitative.

So looking is free, thought is free?

Desiring is not *in itself* doing anyone any harm.

If that's the case, why the need for censorship, or controls on our desires?

I'm entirely pragmatic about censorship. I think censorship is simply a form of "concensus-reality", what the most active political people currently in power impose upon other people. In terms of what they're not allowed to see, touch, experience and so forth. I can't imagine any society in which there's a total anarchic free-for-all. Every society, in order to maintain its form and shape, has to put contours on its vision and limit the vision of practically everyone in that society. I'm for as little censorship as is pragmatically feasible to maintain the coherence of any collective way of life.

But a lot of people are frightened to think *realistically*. This is because when they start thinking realistically about sex or about war their minds boggle. For example, what do you do when you don't know what to do? Or you don't know what to do, so what *do* you do?

People are always trying to find, to *make up* some reason for what to do and then they do it. That's just going into the future with a projective image in front of them that justifies their action. We're *in* this world, programmed as we are, so I find the best thing for myself is to keep out of harm's way, not let others do me in, not go out of my way viciously to exploit other people. And to get as much enjoyment out of it in the meantime.

Do you have a favourite erotic book? One that's valid as literature or entertainment which you feel people should read or would enjoy?

An anthology of world erotica would have to include extracts from the *Karma Sutra*, the *Arabian Nights*, and Tantric Sexuality. But thinking of European erotica, well, it's been a long time since I read *Fanny Hill*. I remember being very impressed by that at the time. In my teens I was very taken by *Tropic of Cancer*, which you daren't mention nowadays to feminists, but I was very taken by the gusto and candour of that book. And I found it sexually invigorating to read, it was a great release – yes, I can certainly mention Henry Miller, and his girlfriend for a while, Anais Nin. A few passages she wrote come across from a *woman's* point of view of unabashed enjoyment.

Female Nudes

In contrast, I might say that books like Stendhal's *On Love* and even Proust, Tolstoy – practically all the books involving themselves with sexual passion and jealousy never really describe the actual act, what happens when you get out of the salon and take your clothes off.

And the visual arts? Any image, film, painting, you think specially erotic or which has influenced you erotically, and how?

There's a book of female nude photographs I came across in a Glasgow bookshop about 40 years ago. I can't remember whether they were all by the same photographer; no, an anthology, I think. This was the first time I can remember (I was maybe 16 or 17) actually casting my eyes over the female frame, the female body naked. I'm *very* glad to have found that book! If I think of some of Picasso's work in the late 20s, early 30s, they express particularly intensified eroticism. That later series he did, with himself as a quasi-Satyr figure; male and female forms melding into one another, with a sense of tremendous *passion*. That could never be popular because he was coming out of a Cubist period then. No question of any prudery, but in terms of the language of visual presentation, it's not accessible to most people immediately. We're trying to think of actual depictions of people making love in high Art, and there's not a lot of them around.♣

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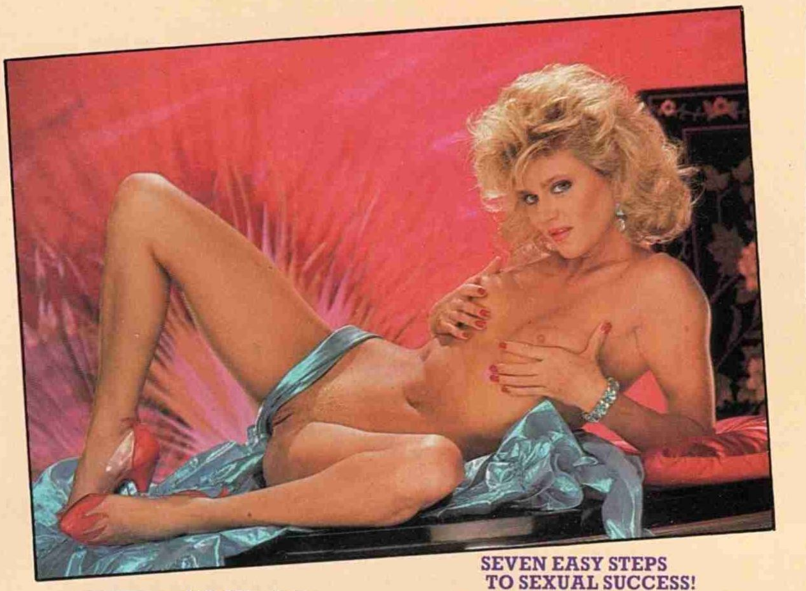

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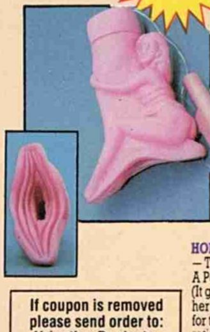

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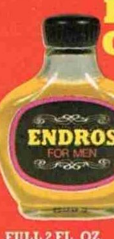

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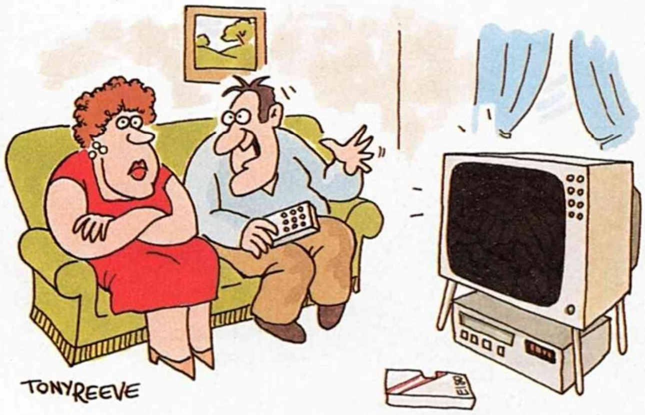
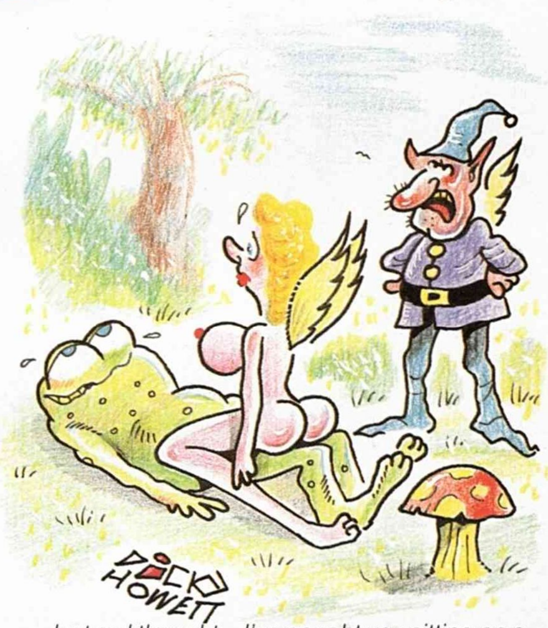
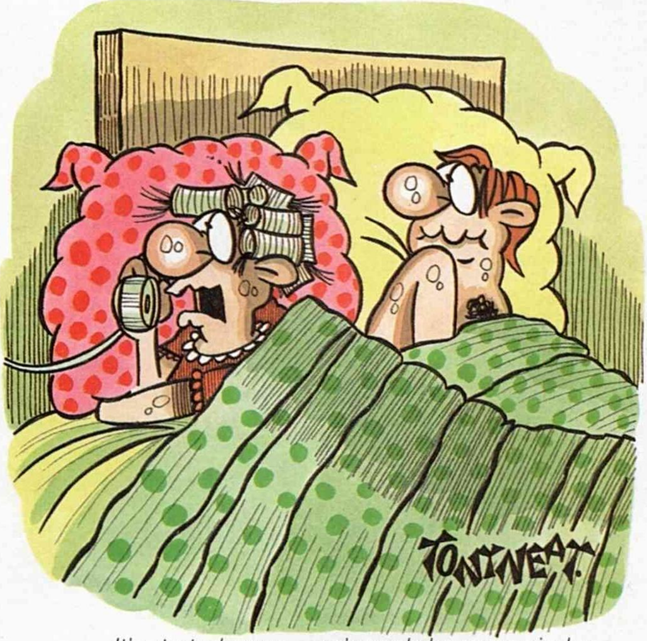

TONY REEVE
E180

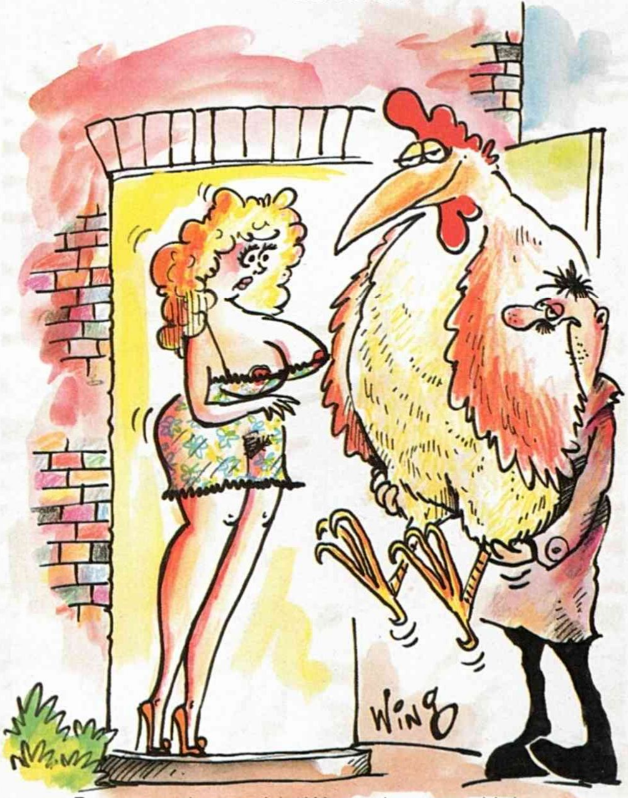
Next time we make a DIY sex video, maybe we should do it with the light on!


DICKO HOWETT

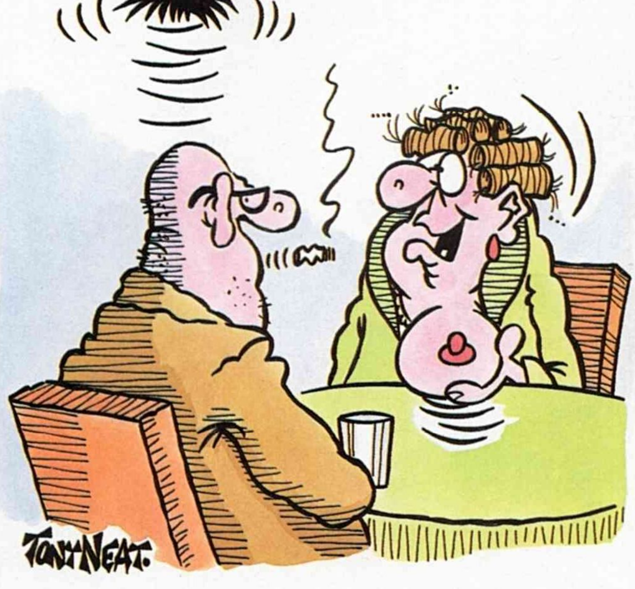
Just as I thought – I've caught you sitting on a toad's tool!



It's started, mum – we've only been married a month and he's already hinting about sex

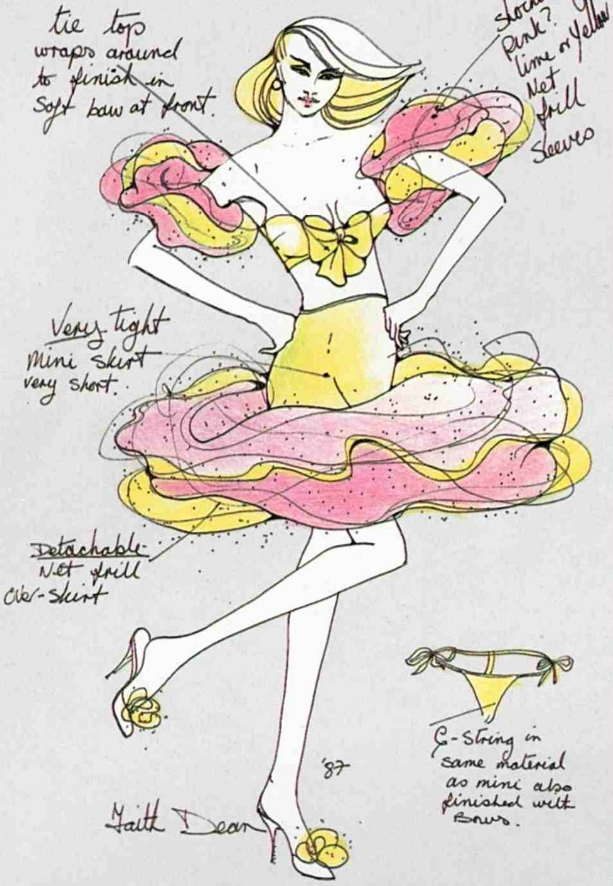


But your advert said: "Wanted – man with large cock"



Shall we have an early night, Ralph?

Catwalk


tie top wraps around to finish in Soft bow at front.
shocking Pink? lime or Yellow Net frill Sleeves
Very tight mini skirt very short.
Detachable Net frill Over-Skirt
G-String in same material as mini also finished with Bows.
'87
Faith Dean

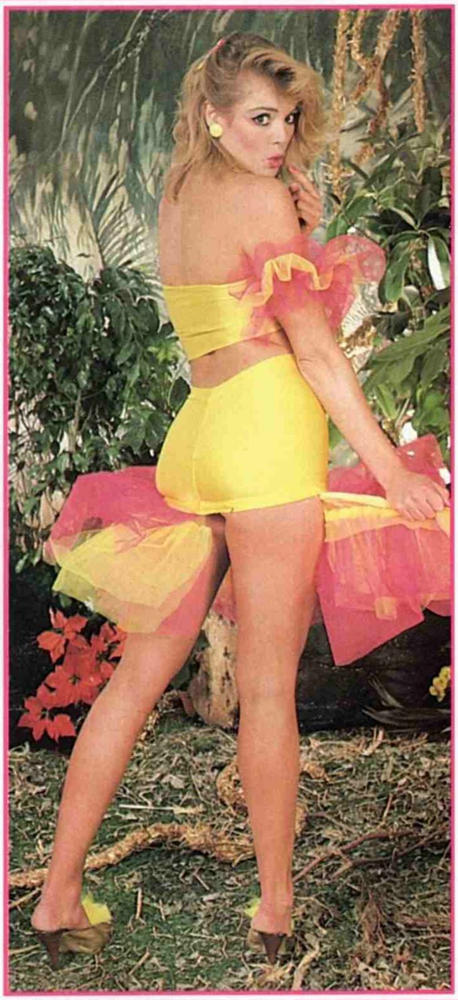
Now that summer is practically upon us, hopefully bringing with it a much-needed rise in temperature, it's hardly surprising that this month's offering has a tropical flavour – a fun-filled, frothy cocktail of vibrant colours to match the summer mood. And even if it *is* still a bit cool outside, this natty little number – and its wearer – should have *your* temperatures soaring.

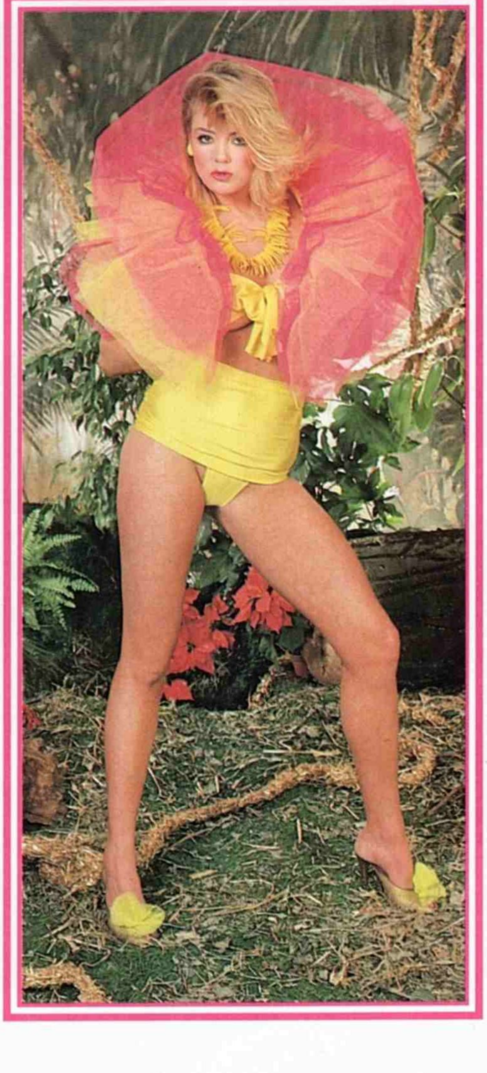
The lush, verdant jungle setting provided an ideal location for this particular "bird of paradise", although we kept the whereabouts secret for fear of being swamped by ardent ornithologists – which I know you all are. Having said that, though, there's no doubt that Tracy (more about her on page 5) would have steamed up the binoculars of any keen bird-watcher who'd managed to sneak past the Club International machine-gun nests. She really seemed to enjoy the photo session, especially relishing the versatility of the outfit and the different look that could be achieved as each piece came apart.

Indeed, versatility is what this creation is all about, as Tracy so amply demonstrated. She firstly slipped out of the netted frilly underskirt, leaving the sunshine-yellow jersey/ mini skirt which moulded itself delightfully to her equally delightful shape. Then the matching bandeau top – which could also double-up as a turban if the going got too hot – was next to take its leave. Finally, Tracy teasingly eased down the tiny skirt to show off the co-ordinating miniscule G-string.

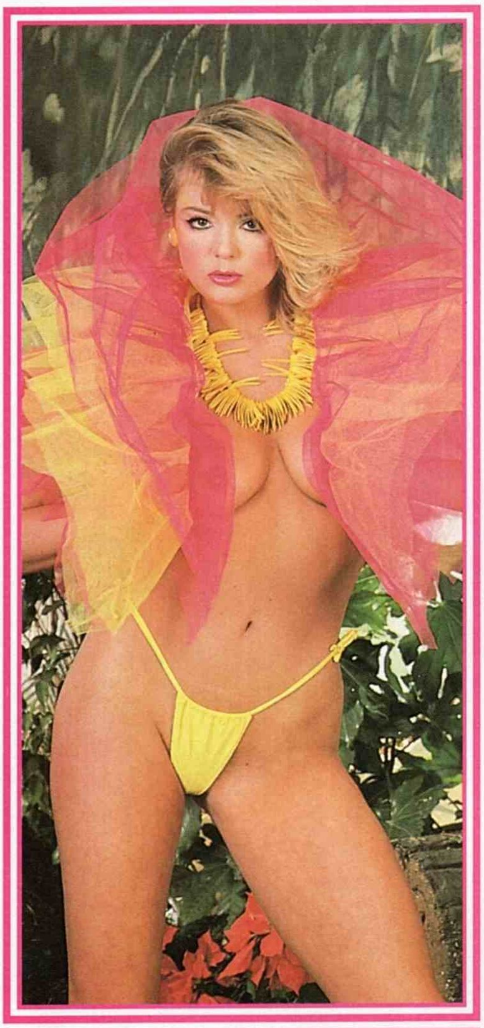
Tracy talked about how the outfit, worn in this setting, brought out all her "animalistic yearnings", which I must admit is something I didn't really cotton on to at the design stage! Stirring up some animal lust on the part of Club readers was very much on my mind, however. I hope, with Tracy's help, I've had the desired effect.

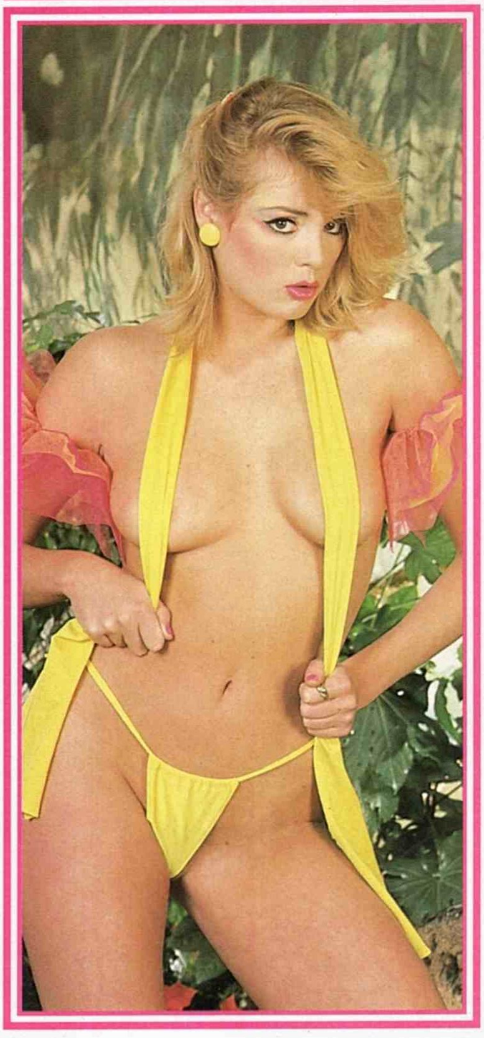
Faith Dean

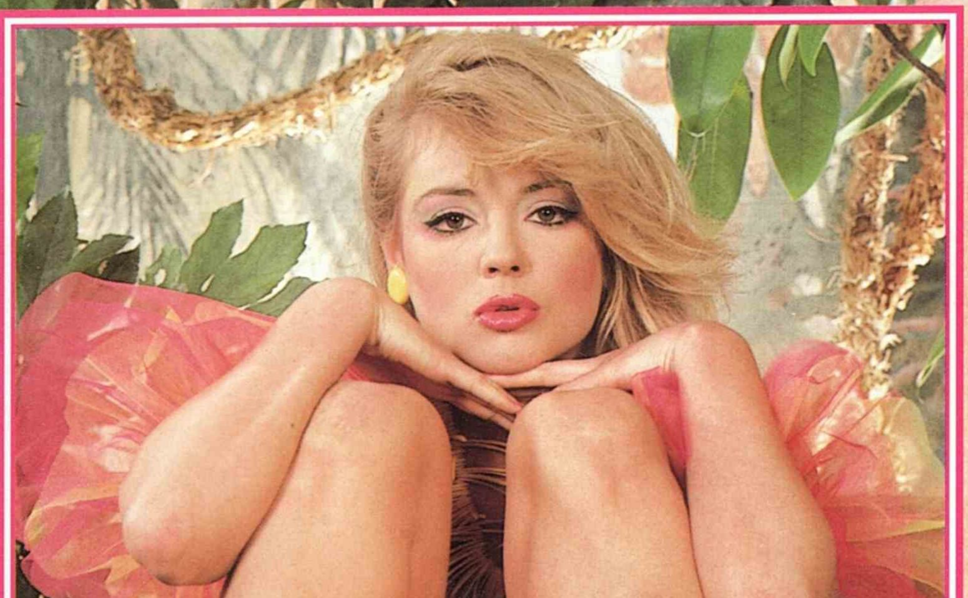




Photographs by David Paul







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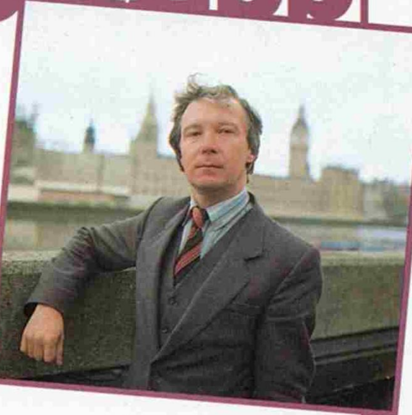
PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 12

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician. Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).



EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

Monday:

I've a good mind to vote Labour in the General Election. I (exdel) would, too, if it didn't mean voting for Red Len, who has been booted back to stand against me after that Deirdre Woods fiasco in Greenwich. Maggs is getting a bit *too* uppity these days.

I do *hate* (exdel) General Elections! All that work! In the first place it means plodding around the constituency listening to my voters whining. In the second place an upcoming General Election means Maggie starts taking an interest in her backbenchers – which is like being kissed by an alligator.

Take this weekend. Invited up to Chequers, with the two others in our lot who have a working-class following, to instruct a load of wet-behind-the-ears money-brokers from Eton how to win the natural Labour vote.

Answer: become someone *else*!

I can do it because I *am* (exdel) working class, and ready to have a poke at any (exdel) who deserves it. They aren't and can't – which is the *very reason* they are Tory candidates. People like me never get selected by the women in hats except in hopeless seats like Thames Marsh, and only then when we happen to be millionaires!

Waste of time. Spent the whole of Saturday in seminars, telling the little prigs to get drunk a lot, get caught screwing as often as possible and not to be afraid to give your own government a smack when it (exdels) up. All of this with Maggs snarling at me like a teetotal girls' school Headmistress.

Made much worse because a pretty young maid they have there, called Annie, kept flirting with me all the time. Winking, wiggling her hips and wobbling her big boobs under my nose. Fair had Maggs steaming!

I decided to ignore Annie this once – the Thatcher laser beams can destroy the libido at 20 paces, anyway. But, around 1 am, while I was having a triple nightcap in my room, there was a rapping on the window.

Looked out and there was Annie, dressed in a French maid's costume; little lace apron, stockings, suspenders and all, tittivating her naturally-uptilted architraves with a feather duster!! Opened the window and she ran off giggling. So I ran after her. Caught her by the gazebo and we set to – quietly, at first. But after a bit, I suppose we forgot where we were and, finally, in the height of passion, we rolled into the fish pond with a mighty splash, to the sound of drunken cheering from the gazebo.

Sounded awfully like Denis!

Anyway, we must have set off some alarm because all the floodlights came on. And there we lay, wet and draped with weed on the edge of the pool, bathed in light and feeling about as inconspicuous as snot on black velvet.

Suddenly, there was a rattle of windows from the vicinity of the PM's study. At this, Annie was off, running like a naked gazelle towards the house, leaving me, blinking like a drunken (exdel) in the lights, trying to cover my (exdels) with Annie's apron! Just as well I had something. Two loud bangs and the swish of pellets hinted to me I was in disgrace. And even at that range buckshot can (exdel) sting! I tried to make the house, but a couple more patterns pinged across me and I had to vault the wall into the relative safety of the ditch beyond.

I couldn't believe it. I know Maggs is security-mad, but surely not to the extent of blasting a safe seat!

While I was creeping around the wall towards the main gate, thanking heaven for the apron, I actually heard Maggie comforting Annie. Telling her not to worry, that it could happen to anyone and just to be on her guard against male chicanery in future. Huh!

Wasn't sure what I was going to do when I reached the gate. Except beg the police for a pair of Daks and sneak away. Needn't have worried, though; it was all seen to. My car was parked outside the gate, engine running, suitcases in the back.

I made a run for it. Out of luck. Two flashes later and I knew some paper tomorrow will be publishing a picture of Ernest Pilbeam MP in a lacy apron and (exdel) all else.

Should do my majority a power of good – although I may lose the Freemason vote!

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM'S BELIEF THAT HE HELD HIS SEAT ON THE WORKING-CLASS VOTE IS SOMEWHAT EGOTISTICAL. HIS DOCKLAND CONSTITUENCY HAD SEEN A MASSIVE INFLUX OF YUPPIES OVER THE PREVIOUS FIVE YEARS. ALSO, THE LABOUR VOTE PROPER HAD BEEN BADLY ALIENATED BY EXTREME LOONY, RED LEN SINSTER. HOWEVER, THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THERE IS CURIOUSLY UN-TORY SUPPORT FOR THE FOUL-MOUTHED, SEX-MAD, BAD-TEMPERED, MP. AS THE LEADER OF THE LABOUR CONSTITUENCY PARTY IS QUOTED AS SAYING: "DOWN HERE WE LIKE AN MP WITH BALLS. WE KNOW ERNIE PILBEAM'S GOT BALLS. WE'VE SEEN THEM!"

THE BEHAVIOUR OF MARGARET THATCHER TOWARDS THE MAID REFLECTS HER CONCERN IN A SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCE. WHEN A SERVING MAID SPILT A PLATE FULL OF BOILING SOUP IN SIR GEOFFREY HOWE'S LAP AT CHEQUERS, SHE IGNORED THE KNIGHT'S SCREAMS OF AGONY IN ORDER TO COMFORT THE GIRL.

How many fingers do you see? We see five. Ernest sees two

Tuesday:

Lot of fun at the Pilbeam Press. Bates has the picture of me and wasn't sure whether to run it. I said of course he should (exdel) run it; everyone else will! They'll have a lot of fun over why I was naked at Chequers, too.

My story said I could not comment because of the security implications, but I added a naughty little sentence.

"It is believed that Mr Thatcher was not at home on Saturday night."

That'll teach her!

What's up, Titsypoohs? You're as moody as a Marxist. Wasn't anything between me and Annie. Anyway, I thought you believed in free enterprise! – Piggy.

I AM a Marxist. I believe the means of re-production should be in the hands of the workers (that is me) and I haven't had a sniff for weeks! – TP (vewy cross!).

Just you wait until after the General Erection! – Pigs.

I just can't believe that prat Red Len. What a thing to do! I know he's a (exdel) puritan at heart, but trying to ban cigarettes looks like lunacy. Of course, it's because *he's* quit and what's good for *him* has to be forced on everyone else. Typical socialist.

Anyway, it seems he's banned smoking in the town hall, won't have magazines with ciggy ads in the library and is trying to re-rate tobacconists in the borough on the basis that they deal in dangerous drugs.

All this with a cigarette factory slap in the middle of the constituency!

The unions have gone ape-droppings! There's a meeting at the factory on Wednesday and I have to speak against Len – which would be easier if I didn't have the father and mother of all bronchial attacks at the moment. Cut down to 40 a day, so you see how bad it is.

Strange, I would have thought the

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factory blokes would be natural Len supporters. Not so, according to the Research Department. Seems they all vote for me. Len's only got the wimmin and homosexual vote for sure, although he's trying for the blacks. If he goes around that bunch assuming they'll vote for him because they're black, he'll catch it! They see that as a racist attitude. Poor Len. And what if his anti-fag policy offends the shirt-lifters? He'll lose his deposit!

Oh, well, off to the council estates to listen to the whingers and scroungers! Thank heavens I only have to lick their arses once every five years.

Don't type that piece, TP. Put: "One of the pleasures of a General Election is that a politician must make time to get in touch with the needs of his constituents and discover how he can serve them right."

Perhaps that should read "serve them *better*".

Wednesday:

What a day! They were all down the Marsh Estate, canvassing. And to cap it all, little Annie turned up. Following me around, threatening to sell her story to the *Sunday Person* if I didn't do something or other . . . I just hustled off and spent the day trying to avoid her. Too many Pressmen around for that sort of malarky.

What a state those blocks are in! Only been up two years and falling to bits already. The only thing the high-speed lifts seem capable of raising is two gallons of stale urine straight to the door of your flat. Stand in one, and it refuses to budge. Ended up hiking up and down the stairs with my trousers smelling like a phone kiosk. And me with my lungs!

Everybody I met had some problem. No windows, balcony falling off, damp everywhere, no heating and so on. Promised them all I'd have it seen to. Bloody well will, too! Have to threaten Len with a decking, I suppose.

Actually met that Rosie Barnes who won Greenwich. Tough little cow. She'd kick my (exdels) for saying it, but she reminds me a lot of the young Maggie Thatcher! Greenwich did right to vote for her. Deirdre was just too Greenham Common and that toe-rag we put up! Little (exdel) had me running around the streets when I campaigned for him. Well, he did for about one minute. Who's going to vote for an MP they can never catch? I ask you!!

Don't write that, TP. Put whatshisface was a fine candidate who, at the General Erection, will reclaim the seat – or some garbage like that. Fat chance. Rosie will win and on that I'll take an awful lot of 15 to one.

It's an odd thing, but it's true that in a rabid anti-racist borough like Len's, all the Bongolese and Tarkadhalis are stuck in the very worst shit shacks of all. And they get harassed. Why, I opened one door to leave and some young (exdel) of a Tarkadhali shoved a handful of *shit* down my waistcoat! Seems he was just about to put it through the letter box.

There were three of them, all looking like Genghis Khan and all with nasty-looking knives. Suppose I should have canvassed their (exdel) votes, but I blew up and kicked their arses all down the corridor and two flights of stairs, before I realized I couldn't breathe any more. Rested up in one of the flats, where I was quite a hero. Apparently, they think this is the way to deal with nasties, rather than Red Len's Tarkadhali Action Committee for Ethnic Harmoniums, or what-have-you.

You know, Titsy, one *can't* avoid racialist jokes. I started to say something about their not knowing what the crapper is for! Bit the words back. Just as well. Apparently, the people in the flats are Tarkadhalis and the Genghis Khans are Bhoona Ghosts and they hate each other's Aloo Ghuts!

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM, DESPITE HIS LACK OF HEIGHT, WAS THREE-TIME CORNISH WRESTLING CHAMPION AND, WHEN ROUSED, IS TOTALLY WITHOUT FEAR OR SENSE.

Leaving the flats, I ran into a right shindig. Red Len was canvassing, too, and he was surrounded by a hostile mob of tenants demanding he do something about their pigstys.

Len was talking about rate-capping and the Tory Government cuts when he saw me. "Here's the man you should complain to," he smarmed, "the Tory fascist Ernest Pilbeam!"

Well, everyone knows that Len doesn't spend the money because he wants to hurt the Government. He's livid he's not allowed to squeeze his ratepayers dry. So I just mentioned that the six million he'd allocated to a Black Arts Centre might replace a few cracked khazis.

He thought he had me there. Turned to the Trinidadian contingent. "Now we know why our black socialist brothers vote Labour, man," he squealed.

He never will learn that not all blacks are street radicals. And these gents – well, they may not vote Conservative, but (exdel) they *live* conservative. In fact, if you want to experience what a Victorian father was like, kids, go live in Trinidad!

So they told him that they didn't want an (exdel) arts centre. And if they did, they'd build their own. And how do you like over-ripe tomatoes. Racist!

I got him away before they started throwing anything hard. They let me. They quite like me, I think. They wrote a song about my drinking last year. Called it the Pilbeam Collapso!

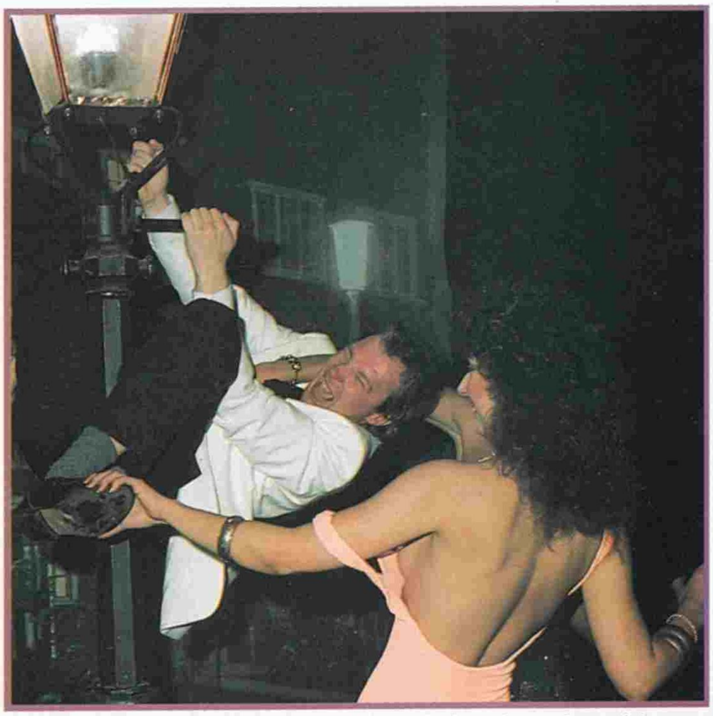
Len was really shaken. He actually believes these are *his people*, you know. Got him to a pub, where he started to drink brandy. I didn't think the little prig drank anything but tea.

It stopped his cheeks twitching, anyway. And Annie helped. She corners me in the pub and I find she's not after money or anything. She's just trying to blackmail me into a dirty weekend. Very sweet, Annie.

We had dinner together and I snatched ten minutes to do the diary before I went to this poxy meeting. I wonder if Len has flipped his trolley? He used to be so clever.

Thursday:

(Exdel) funny meeting at the ciggy factory last night! Len was rat-arsed! But he'd written his speech about how smoking-related diseases kill "X" million and cost the Health Service £30 million. How sacrifices must be made. There were jobs in making nuclear warheads, but that didn't mean that socialists wanted nukes, did it? To which there was a chorus of: "Yes!"



Pilbeam in valiant attempt to reclaim the night from those who took it away

He went down like a lead balloon, of course. But things didn't get out of hand until someone yelled that it wasn't Labour policy to ban smoking.

To which Len replied – in a drunken, seering snarl – that it *would* be as soon as he was leader of the Party! I asked when that would be.

"About six months after we win the Election," snarled Len. And you could see he meant it. "Revanchist running-dog Kinnock won't last a month when the will of the people is heard. The Revolution is nigh, comrades!" And he ended up singing the Internationale, before he collapsed.

So who do you think will win the election now, TP, once I've told the world the Militants are planning a coup?

This morning I had a long session at Number Ten on matters affecting national security. Got back to the office to find 15 calls from Red Len. Finally got him on the line. Said it had been agreed by all concerned in the meeting last night that he had *not* said what he said and if I printed it I would be sued rotten. Union support, Len says.

I told him I was sorry but it was my public duty and so on. Now it's out to the (exdel) docks again to lick arse. (Exdel!)

Friday:

An exhausting day yesterday! Canvassing with Annie all afternoon. Until we ran into those three Bhoona Ghosts I kicked the other day, along with 12 of their mates. They ambushed us. I decked two of them, pushing Annie behind me. But I'm just not fit any more. Ended up crouching behind her while she decked another three or four. She's a karate champion, Tits, so don't try scragging her like you did my last bit on the side of the side!

Too many of them for comfort, so we legged it. Got out into Little Trinidad alright and hid up in the back of a truck. Stayed there till dawn. We just (exdelled) all night. Seven times! Eat your heart out, Sir Ralph! Of course, I was wearing my Burton suit. I wonder if they're aphrodisiac?

Don't resign, Titsypoohs. I could have managed the round dozen with *you*, honest.

Anyway, we were woken up next morning by the bloody awful steel band climbing aboard. There was some festival today and we were (exdelling) in their (exdel) float. Decided on one last quick (exdel), for which we got a round of applause. After which they dressed us up fancy and drove us all round the borough telling everybody and playing the Pilbeam Collapso. I'm not sure of all the words but it goes something like:

Mr Ernie Pilbeam MP very able,
Drink any man under the table,
And the woman she say she can,
Prove Ernie MP a real man.
Wonder the man ain't black,
He really can make with the crack!
Can drink Fullers' brewery dry,
And still the woman satisfied!
Isn't everybody that can,
But Mr Ernie MP – he your man.

It was a lot of fun. Had rum and orange running out of my ears!

We ended up outside the Town Hall, and Red Len came to greet us with a sickly smile. Carrying a dustbin lid, actually, to ward off the tomatoes. But, of course, that was yesterday!

Later on he made me an offer I could hardly refuse. Said if I didn't print his plans to hijack Kinnock he'd get all the housing repairs on my list done. At once.

I've given him a week.

Which is fine, because I can't run the story, anyway. Maggie would go wild. Told me this morning. Nothing must be done to give the Labour vote to the SDP, she says, which my story would certainly do.

Because if there seemed a chance that the SDP could win, there are plenty of Tory voters who would happily ditch HER.

Absolutely true. And as a lot of them are the yuppies around the Docklands water park, that means ditching Ernest Pilbeam MP, too!

Which, after due consideration, I have decided is not in the national interest.

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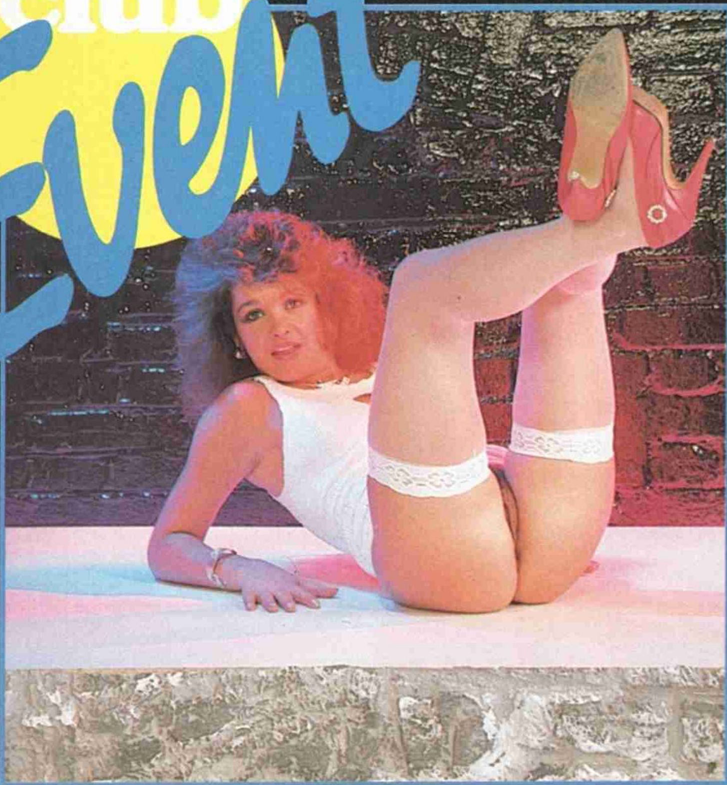
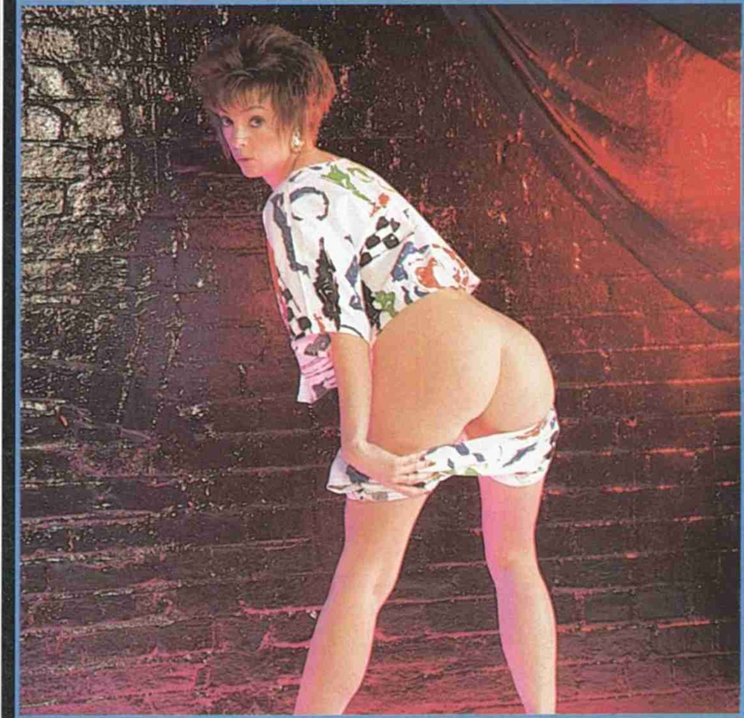




Photographs by Charles Haydn

Some of our more decrepit readers may remember the insipid *Pan's People* people, who used to prance meaninglessly around the *Top of the Pops* studio, boring everybody to tears. Such was the state of disco dancing in the early 70s – about as sexy as a dirty frying pan.

Thankfully, the resemblance between that miserable state of affairs and the pictures of the Club Quartet on these pages is non-existent. This is how *we* prefer dance groups to look, because we know that's the way *you* want them to look, too. Introducing Sheila, April, Denise and Kate – lovely movers all and not only on the dancefloor, either.

Kate (white top) shares our opinions. "As far as I'm concerned, dancing – as a spectator sport, if I can call it that – should be erotic, and that's what a lot of these awful troupes you see on the telly seem to forget. The more simulated fucking motions you can incorporate in your routine, the better. There's got to be lots of thrusting and bucking involved, otherwise you'll be wide of the mark. And the more you can show your tits and pussy, the more you'll turn people on. That's what I set out to do when I go dancing, but I suppose not everyone's as big a tease as I am."

Too true, Katie, my girl.

Then there's Denise (black top), who's no stranger to Club International. "You don't know how much I enjoy the opportunity to come and do something like this," she says, "as I really like to let myself go when I dance – which is impossible in most of the clubs, because they're too bloody crowded most of the time. And I wish it could be possible to be asked to dance by a man who does a bit more than shake his ankles from side to side. You're really pathetic, you lot!"

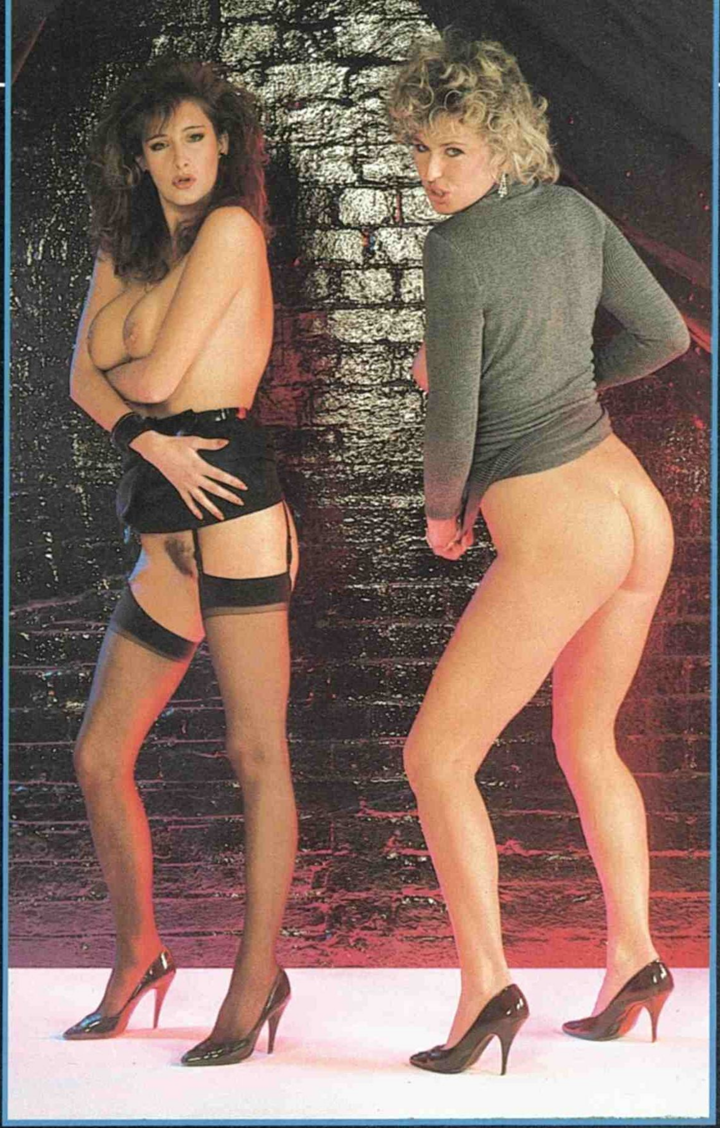
Thanks, Denise. Who's next? Ah, yes, April; a girl who's not ashamed to admit why *she* goes on to the dancefloor.

"Regardless of what anybody might say, discos are still great for getting off with a man. If you're *really* lucky, you'll get one who's sober enough to give you a good fucking. End of story."

Hello, Sheila.

"To be honest, I'm not a great dancer. But I know how to use my body in other ways, so I just took Kate's advice and imagined I was doing something else. It's made me feel quite randy, actually, so I think I'll go and make a phone call. See you later."

Bet you wouldn't mind any of these four dancing to your tune, eh? ♣



The French Connection

Photographs by Serge Jacques

SUPER BALLS
BALLES REBONDISSANTES
ODUIRE
PIECE DE
5

Charlotte didn't have even the slightest clue what we meant when we told her she had a cheeky grin.

And our best efforts to offer an alternative description were continually confounded, being met only with silent looks of total non-comprehension from her deliciously cute features. It was our French photographer who put us out of our misery, having watched us suffer at length. He mumbled something like: "*Tu as un large sourire très effronté, Charlotte*," and suddenly there was light. Now there was no stopping her.

"I'm not surprised you're saying this," she began, "because I am actually a very . . . *cheeky* girl, you know; I like doing cheeky things."

Such as?

"Well, I think it is obvious how much I enjoy having my photographs taken, and I especially enjoy it when there is some . . ." (pause while some translation goes on between photographer and model) . . . "*risk* involved, such as exposing my breasts in a busy street, or lifting up my skirt to bare my bottom when there is a policeman standing next to me directing the traffic. I have done both these things, but I will think carefully before exposing myself to traffic again: the last time, there was very nearly an accident.

"I want people to look at me – at my breasts, my bottom, my pussy – but I don't want them to crash their cars while they're doing so. In any case, I would prefer it for them to stop their cars at the side of the road so they can have a *good* look. In this way I, too, can become aroused."

So, at last, we can understand why French cars have their steering wheels on the wrong side: it's so the drivers can be next to the kerb when oversexed 21-year-old French girls like Charlotte do their roadside flashing.

Isn't it?

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03 mars
12 avril
87
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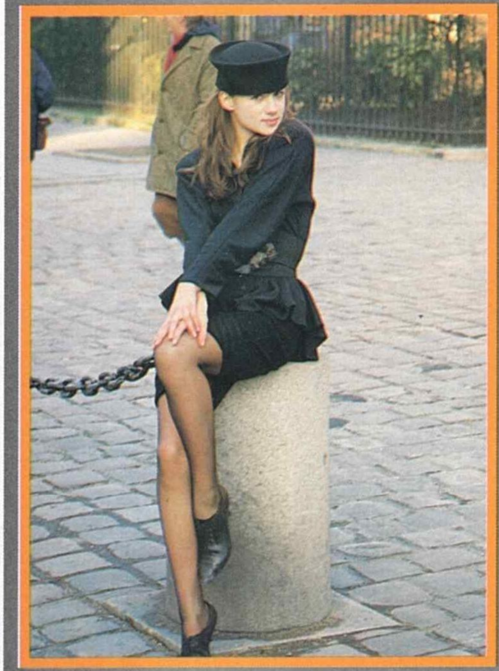

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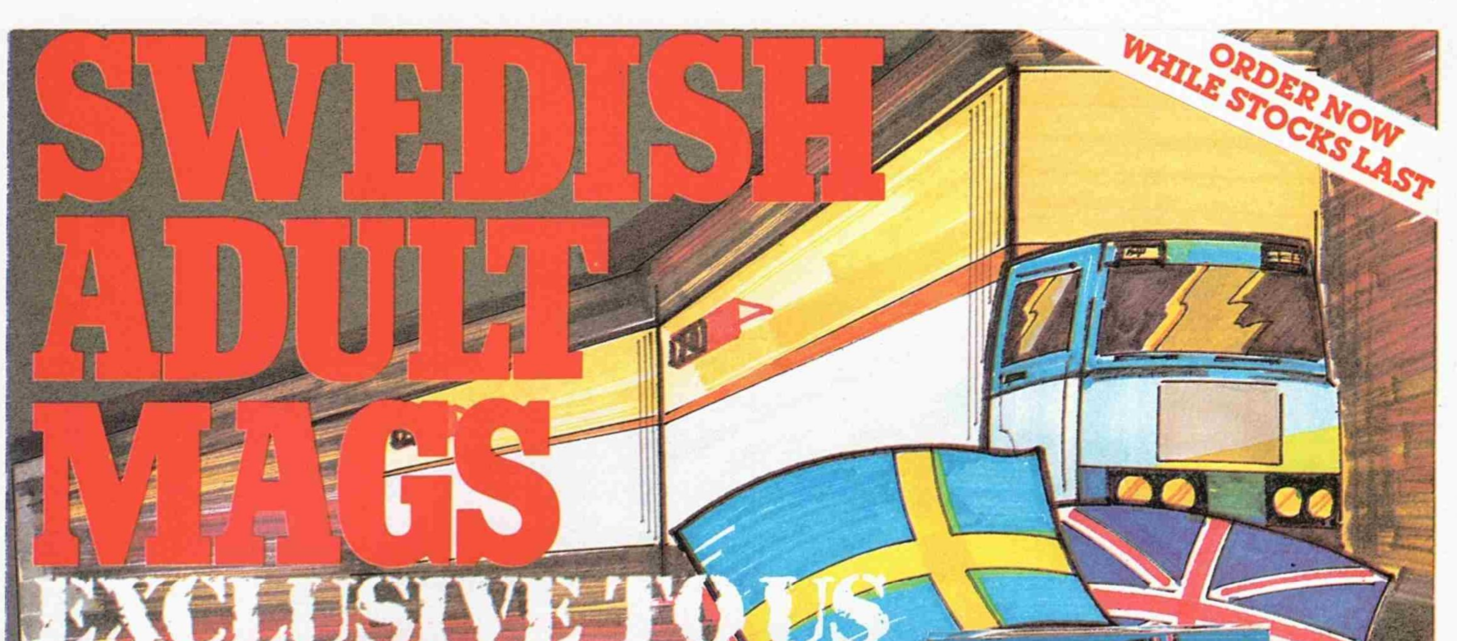
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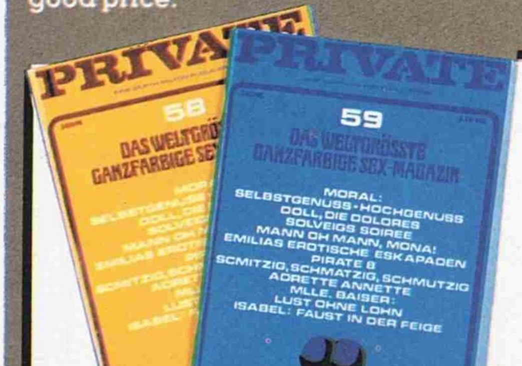
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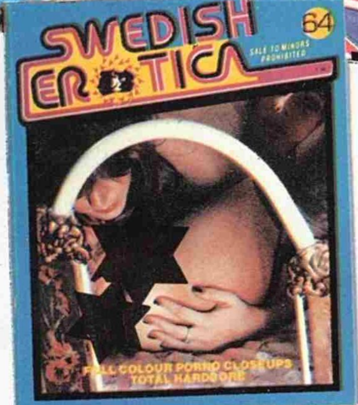
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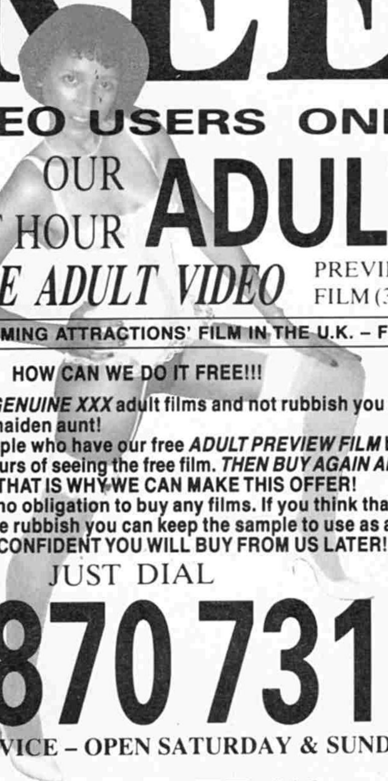

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WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests

Debbie goes out on a Saturday night man hunt – and bags a prime specimen with her first shot . . .

Although I am female, I do read your magazine regularly as a male friend of mine receives it on a monthly basis. The pictures aren't exactly what I'm into, but I saw a long time ago that you printed the views of women in one or two sections, and after my once-in-a-lifetime experience of last night, I felt I just had to write and tell you about it. My name's Debbie, by the way, and I'm still wet with yesterday's juices.

Last night was a Saturday and, although this is very unusual for me, I managed not to be doing anything for that evening. I always seem to have myself well-organized for entertainment, but I suppose I must have been slipping or something. Anyway, being the type of girl I am, I dressed as provocatively as possible – with my boobs practically bursting out of a cheap cotton T-shirt, no bra, a skirt that was maybe a fraction longer than mini-length and sheer stockings – and went down to my local for a drink.

As I made it pretty obvious that I was alone, it wasn't long before I was approached. I've done this sort of thing before, and some of the guys I seem to attract are fairly done-in or seedy, but for once it was a case of first-time-lucky. To my way of thinking, he was a rather gorgeous, hunky fella whose name was Jacob (it was studded on the back of his leather jacket). Even before I'd arrived there, I was feeling pretty sexy, but as soon as he sat down with our drinks, my juices were running wild.

At first, the conversation was your average small-talk about music and jobs, that type of stuff. Meanwhile my imagination was darting all over the place trying to conjure up in my mind what it would feel like with his cock stuck up inside me. Even though we hadn't actually discussed sex, it was plain to both of us what the score was, so after we'd finished our drinks, I asked him back to my place (the friend I live with was away for the weekend).

Outside he had a black Suzuki GSX 550. I like a good machine. I rode pillion with no crash helmet (*naughty girl! – Ed.*), causing the wind streaking through my hair to create a really sensuous and erotic feeling all over my body. He drove fast, too, so I guess that meant he felt a similar sort of urgency.

Once we arrived, I asked him in for a cup of coffee, and he just nodded agreement. Once inside, we made more small talk (I couldn't think what to say, to be honest, because all I could think of was having some sex). The tension was rising between us. It was almost electrical. Something else had already been rising, judging from the bulge I detected in his trousers.

Short Skirt

As I moved to put the coffee cups into the sink, he slid his hand slowly up my leg, causing me to gasp at his touch, but as he got it up further past the hem of my short skirt, I heard him groan. It was clear what that was about. He'd just realized I wasn't wearing any knickers (they're a complete waste of time). That didn't deter him for long, though. Soon he was finger-fucking me and playing with my clit with his left hand. Meanwhile, I took hold of my T-shirt at the back and dragged it over my head, enabling him to grasp my tit with his right hand. I leaned back a little so he could suck my other tit.

Then suddenly he stopped, which was no joke for me, as I was craving for his cock. He slowly removed his trousers, refusing to let me near him to rip them off, which is what I would have liked to have done, given the chance. Once he'd removed trousers and pants, he reached out for the small black chair, but I told him the large cream one was more comfortable. He gave me an evil smile and placed the small chair in the middle of the kitchen floor.

He sat on the chair with his huge cock standing to attention for my fanny, so I obediently squatted over it, feeling it gradually sinking into me. When the tip of him had almost reached as far inside as it could go, he started pumping me, thrusting really hard. I was so excited by this that I joined in the rhythm, pushing down on him as firmly as possible.

One of his hands was down there, toying with my clit while the other hand mauled one tit and his mouth had my right one, sucking it violently. Without any warning, I was thrown into a massive, tremendous orgasm which shook my whole body, making me fall limp as a rag doll. But he must have wanted to burn me out that night, because it just made him pump me harder than before, and I was swept into continuous orgasms.

Then he asked how I'd like it if he took me into the sitting-room for a 69 without taking it out. I could only moan my agreement to this, and kiss him hard on the lips. Then I wrapped my legs around his waist, pushing my tits up against his chest, as he carried me through to the other room. Halfway there, he paused and thrust me up against the wall, pumping me again with that rapid piston-like action.

Quite Frantic

Just as I was about to come, he withdrew his cock from me, leaving my fanny as hot as could be. Then he laid me out on the floor. By now I was quite frantic and, on turning around, I grabbed at his balls and sucked hard on them, moving up to swallow his cock. At the other end, he was sucking my clit and pumping me with his fingers (I think he had three inside me). Just as I fell into another continuous wave of climaxing, I felt his cock jerk inside my mouth, spilling spunk all over the back of my throat. I nearly choked, but I managed

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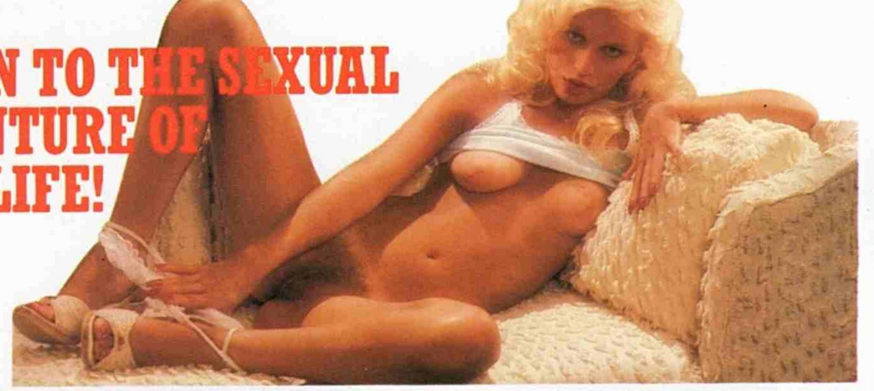

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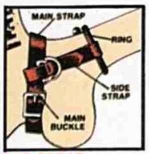

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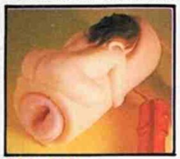

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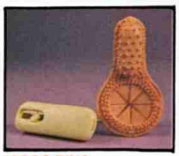

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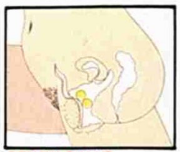

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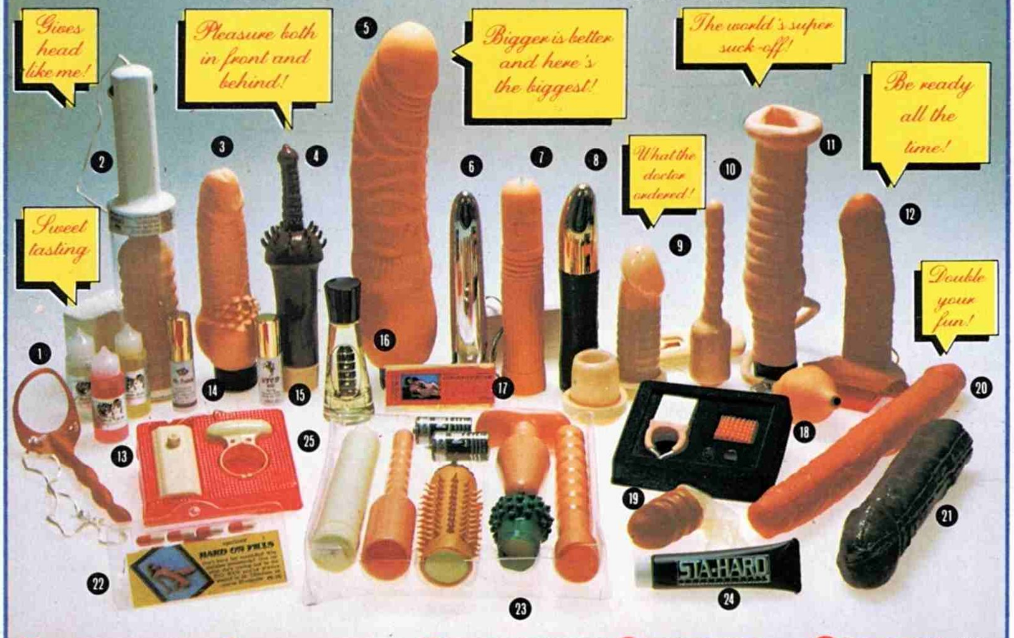

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WOMEN'S Writes

to keep it all in.

At this point, we both went to bed, but it was not easy to continue where we had left off. I was unable to take his cock again, as I had been made too sore by his previous pumping. I said for him to wait a while, but he looked desperate to me, so I gave him a hand-job, tossing him off against my tits and tickling the hairs under his balls. He yelled that he wanted to spunk over my tits, so I let him. Then I rubbed it in while he watched.

Well, that was my screw-of-a-lifetime. Maybe it doesn't look so good on paper, but you should have been there. That guy Jacob can really fuck. He left the next morning and we didn't make any plans to meet up again. But the amazing thing is, I can't stop thinking about that night. I've lost count of the number of times I've had to forget about what I'm doing and have a wank, pretending Jacob's cock is hammering inside my fanny while I'm helpless against the wall. It's glorious. I'm glad I've got the mirror opposite. I like to watch myself wank. I think it's because I've got big tits, and they sway around as my finger goes faster and faster.

Just writing this down has got me at it again. I've just undone my shirt and bra to get at them again. I've got to rub them both and then have one last wank. God, it really was an ace screw.

Debbie, Wolverhampton

Jeanette has the hots for one of her husband's mates. But rather than admire him from afar, she decides on a course of direct action . . .

I'm a married woman of 26, and I'm a nurse. I've got one or two close girlfriends, but most of the socializing I do is when I go out to the pub with my husband, where he usually meets up with a crowd of his mates.

We were in the pub one night when some of the blokes my husband works beside came in. Among them was Jack, whom I'd seen before but never actually spoken to. When I'd seen him before – when I went to pick up my old man from the office – I thought he looked a bit of all right, but I never really thought that much of it.

But in the pub, when I had a chance to talk to him and to eye him up at length, I realized just how much I really did fancy him. He was tall, blond and well-built, with a lovely smile. He seemed to have a really nice personality, too. At the end of the night, when we were all going home, Jack told my husband he was having a party at his house on the Saturday night (only three nights away), and that we'd be welcome there. We were supposed to be going to another couple's house that night, but I urged the old man to put it off so we could go to Jack's party (trying not to give the game away).

The party was good, but there was me – a married woman – getting jealous of Jack flirting with other girls! Craig – that's my husband – and I were among the last to leave. Jack went to show us out, when Craig suddenly decided he'd better go to the toilet before walking home. As soon as he'd gone upstairs, I seized my chance.

Tightest Jeans

I lunged at Jack. Throwing my arms around him, I kissed him full on the lips and he did the same to me. It was lovely, and I would have fucked him there and then if it was left up to me. It was only when we heard the toilet flushing that we broke from our embrace.

I told Jack I needed to see him, and I needed to see him soon. We hastily arranged that I'd come round to his place on Monday, which was Craig's beer and darts night. I was able to think of nothing else for the rest of the weekend, and just hoped that Jack wouldn't wake up the following morning with a stinking great hangover and no memory of our arrangement.

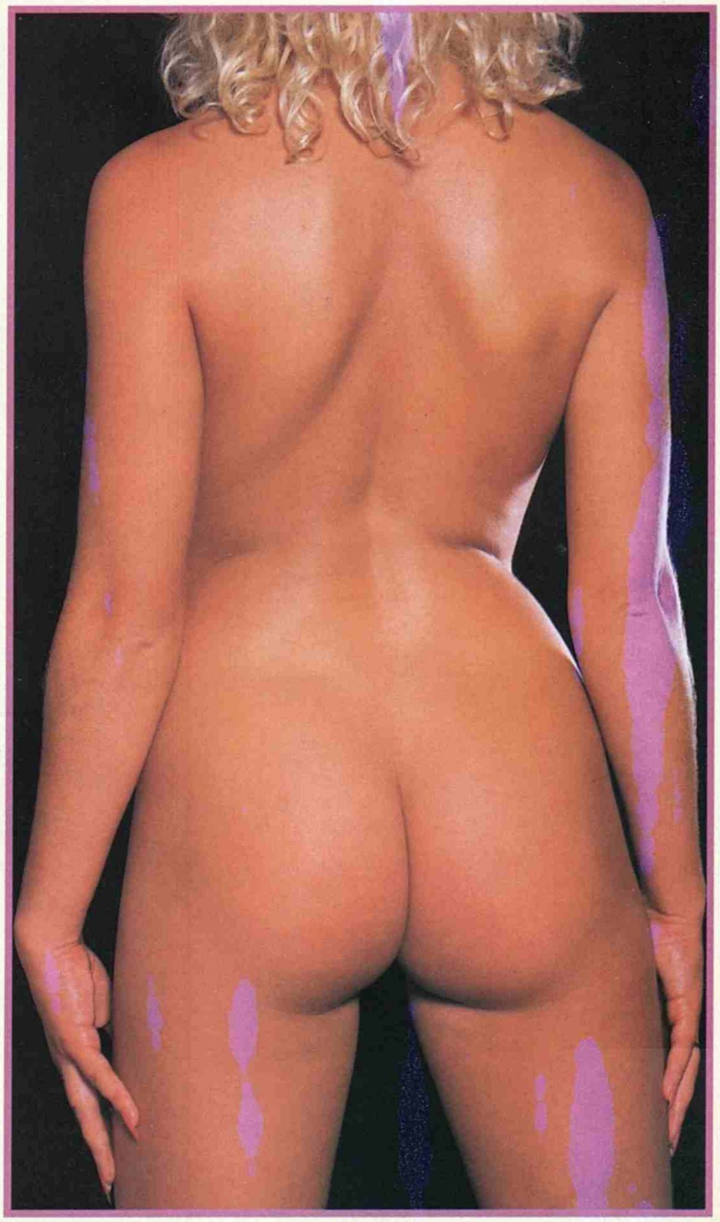
When I got home from my shift on Monday, I dived into the shower and gave myself a good going-over. I toyed with the idea of putting my nurse's uniform back on again, but I decided I'd look more randy showing off my best attributes – my legs and arse – to the maximum effect, so I pulled on my tightest pair of jeans and a thin, white shirt. I didn't wear a bra, either, and I was pleased to note that my nipples were poking through my shirt when I pulled up outside Jack's in the car.

Luckily, Jack hadn't forgotten about our arrangement, and I was shaking like mad when he ushered me in. We spent the minimum of time on the small talk – which was understandable, because we both knew why we were there. We were soon snogging on the sofa, and I'll never forget the thrill I experienced at being about to be fucked by "another man" for the first time since I got married four years ago.

Jack seemed content to go on snogging for a bit, but I couldn't wait any longer. I stood up and pulled him to his feet. I nuzzled up to his ear and suggested we go upstairs to the bedroom, at the same time pushing the palm of my hand into his hard-on, which was showing quite prominently through his thin trousers. He took me by the hand and led me upstairs, with not a word being spoken.

Big Nipples

In the bedroom, he told me to undress him first while he lay on the bed – then I could take off my own clothes while he watched, naked. I started by quickly pulling off his jumper and T-shirt. I went to take off his shoes and socks, but he was already



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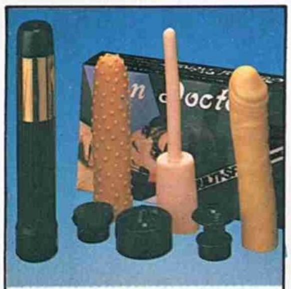

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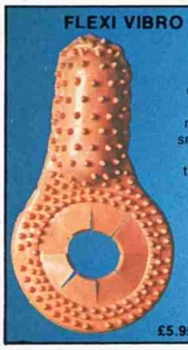

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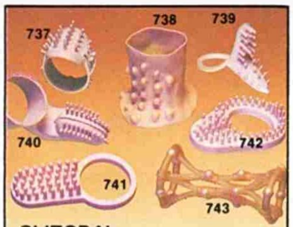

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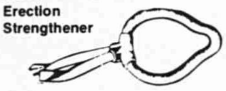

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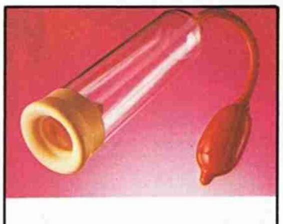

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Age range of person you wish to meet Min ________ Max ________
Surname ____________________
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Address ____________________
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YOUR PERSONALITY:

Shy	☐	Outgoing	☐
Nervous	☐	Self-Confident	☐
Affectionate	☐	Fun Loving	☐
Romantic	☐	Ambitious	☐
Intellectual	☐	Creative	☐
Tolerant	☐	Generous	☐

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If you enjoy any of the following please ✓ tick.
If you have particular dislikes please indicate with a X cross. Otherwise leave blank.

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Pub Evenings	☐	Dancing	☐
Dining Out	☐	Collecting Things	☐
Travelling	☐	Spectator Sport	☐
Theatre/Cinema	☐	Poetry/Reading	☐
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WOMEN'S Writes

barefoot. I lingered at his trousers for a while, stroking his bulge and massaging where his balls were (although I couldn't really feel them through his trousers and pants).

His breathing quickened and I felt his muscles tightening as I played with him. I was now desperate to see and touch his cock, so I pulled down his trousers and pants in one go. He lifted his arse clear of the bed to make it easier for me.

I studied his cock carefully and thought it looked good. When I grabbed it tightly in my hand and licked the end of it, it grew about another half-inch and a little globule of pre-orgasm appeared from his slit. I was dripping quite freely myself by this time. The palms of my hands began to sweat, and I could feel my pulse thudding like mad behind my ears – as I always do when I get het up.

I stood by the side of him and started to undress. I pulled my shirt out of my jeans and unbuttoned it, but I didn't take it off. Although I only have small tits, I'm proud of my big nipples, and I rubbed them to make sure they were sticking out for Jack to see. I kicked off my shoes, then slowly peeled off my jeans. Jack was watching all the time, his big cock quivering to and fro as it waited for me.

When my jeans and panties were around my ankles, Jack croaked that I had the nicest body he'd ever seen – which was exactly what I was hoping he would say. I was so overcome with lust – even though I'd hardly touched him yet – I then did something I'd never done before, not even with my husband. I really felt I wanted to do it.

Mumbled

I made sure that Jack was still watching, then I started to play with my fanny. I pushed one, then two, fingers deep into my cunt and began to wank, with my back leaning against the wall for support. When I did this, Jack mumbled something and he began to stroke his cock. Frightened he might spunk, I stopped what I was doing and joined him on the bed. I sat astride him and pushed my fingers, which were smeared with my cunt juice, into his mouth. He sucked them dry, tweaking my nipples as he did so. I threw my head back and shouted out a list of obscenities – I love having my nipples tweaked, and I can barely control myself when someone does it to me.

Slobbering

But the biggest thrill of all was playing with a new cock for the first time in God knows how many years. Still sitting astride him, I slid back so I was sitting over his knees. I bent forward and licked the pre-orgasm from the knob end. Then I moved forward even more and swallowed as much of his cock as I could manage. I suppose he was about eight or nine inches long, but I got most of him in and slurped away greedily.

After about a minute of my vigorously slobbering, biting and sucking his big cock, I felt Jack's body go completely rigid. I pulled clear just in time to stop him from spunking, which I didn't want him to do just yet. But I didn't have to wait long for *my* first climax.

Jack pushed me on to my back and rubbed his hand up and down my shaved cunt. I was so wet, I could feel the dampness on the duvet cover and I wriggled around in ecstasy. He searched out my clit with his finger, and when I gave out a squeal on his finding it, he went down on me and started to lick it. I came within seconds, smothering his face in a stream of cunt juice.

Now I was ready for that cock. I lay flat on my back and spread my legs as wide as they would go. Jack was obviously well taken with my shaved cunt, because he spent quite some time just rubbing it with his hands. Then I grabbed his cock and started to wank him. I would have liked his spunk to come flying all over my tits and face, but I wanted him inside me more than anything. I told him as much, too.

Luckily, Jack seemed to appreciate my cunt is quite small and tight, and he eased into me gently at first, before pushing all the way in. There wasn't an awful lot of room in there, but I got him all in. I told him I wanted to be fucked hard, and he obliged. He pummelled away at me in good style while I just lay back and let myself get carried away.

Blissful Sleep

When I felt my orgasm coming on, I screamed out: "Harder, you bastard!" I don't think I've ever experienced such ecstasy before, and I must have almost screamed the house down when I came. I was still in the middle of my spasm when Jack came.

With five of six big thrusts, he pumped his spunk right up my cunt, then collapsed down on top of me. He seemed every bit as fulfilled as I was.

I'd one last task to carry out, though. I pushed him out of me and lay him on his back. Then I took his half-erect cock in my mouth and licked off our combined love juices. Then we fell into a blissful sleep for an hour or so. He'd performed as well as he looked!

Jack and I obviously can't say too much when we meet up in the pub with the rest of them, but the little glances we exchange make me think we'll be getting together again soon. I really hope so.

Jeanette, Leicester ♣

Chance would be a fine thing!

Photographs by Charles Haydn

We don't come across many models like Debbie. In fact, we don't come across many *people* like Debbie, full-stop. We don't suppose you do, either, unless you live on a commune in a Welsh forest . . . or in the same squat as Debbie in the East End of London.

We wouldn't have dreamed of calling Debbie a hippy, but that's what she calls herself – and who are we to argue? It just made us wonder what Debbie regards as being the important things in life:

"I feel I have a duty not to abuse the body I live in, and I spend a good deal of my time making sure that's the case. I'm a committed vegetarian, and I exercise regularly. I once ran for 12 miles without stopping. People have told me I could easily do athletics to quite a high standard, but I'm just not interested in personal advancement at that level. I'm a passionate reader, too – Solzhenitsyn and Enid Blyton, mainly."

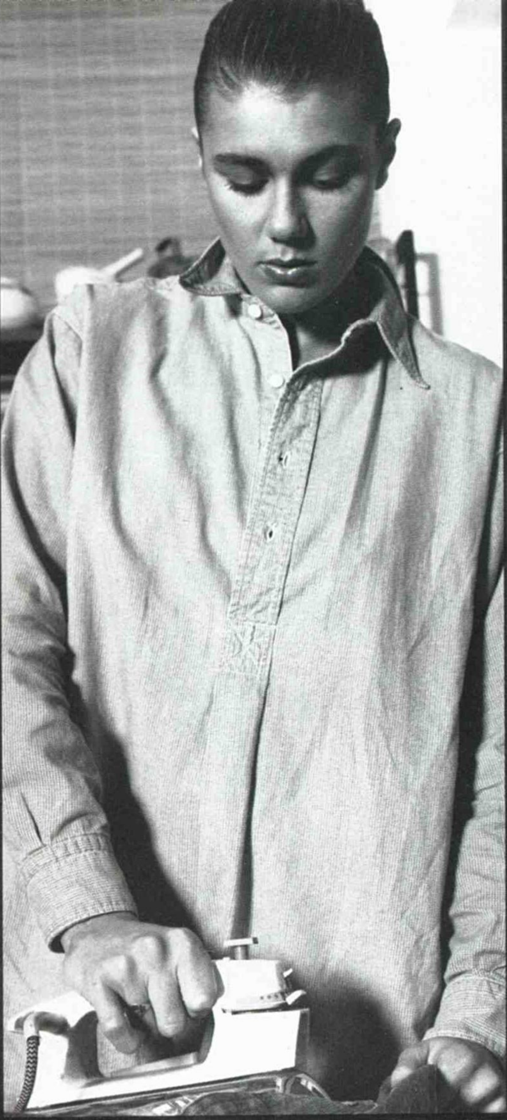
You're probably asking yourself the same question as we are: what's a girl like her doing in a place like this? Does showing off her naked body (and it ain't half worth showing off, right?) fit in with Debbie's doctrines?

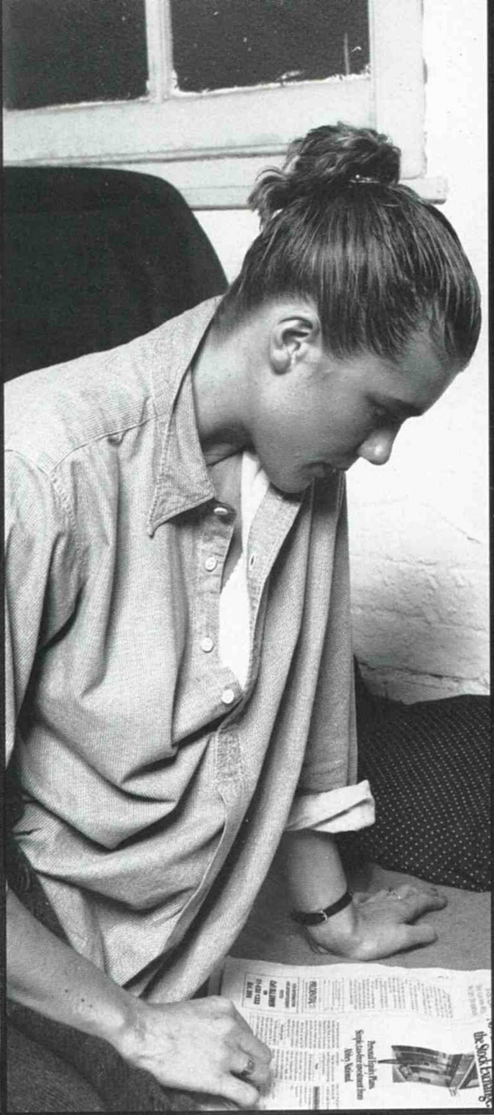
"So what's the big deal about nudity? It's the way we were made, and I don't see the problem about others seeing us as we really are. And if my appearing in Club International leads to even one bloke having a really good wank, then I'm pleased I've made somebody happy. Besides, my car needs a couple of new tyres – I could use the money."

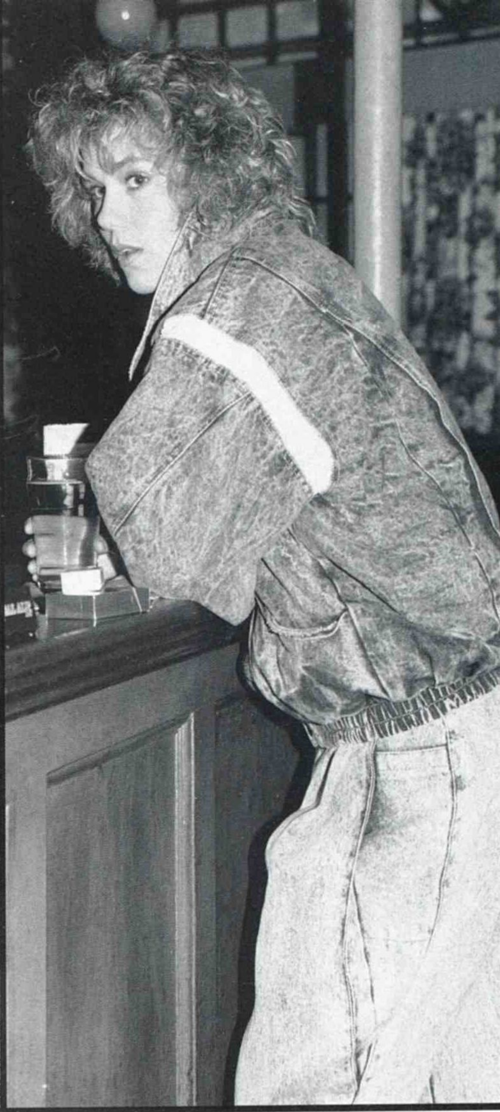
Car? Can't picture a Metro parked outside the squat, really.

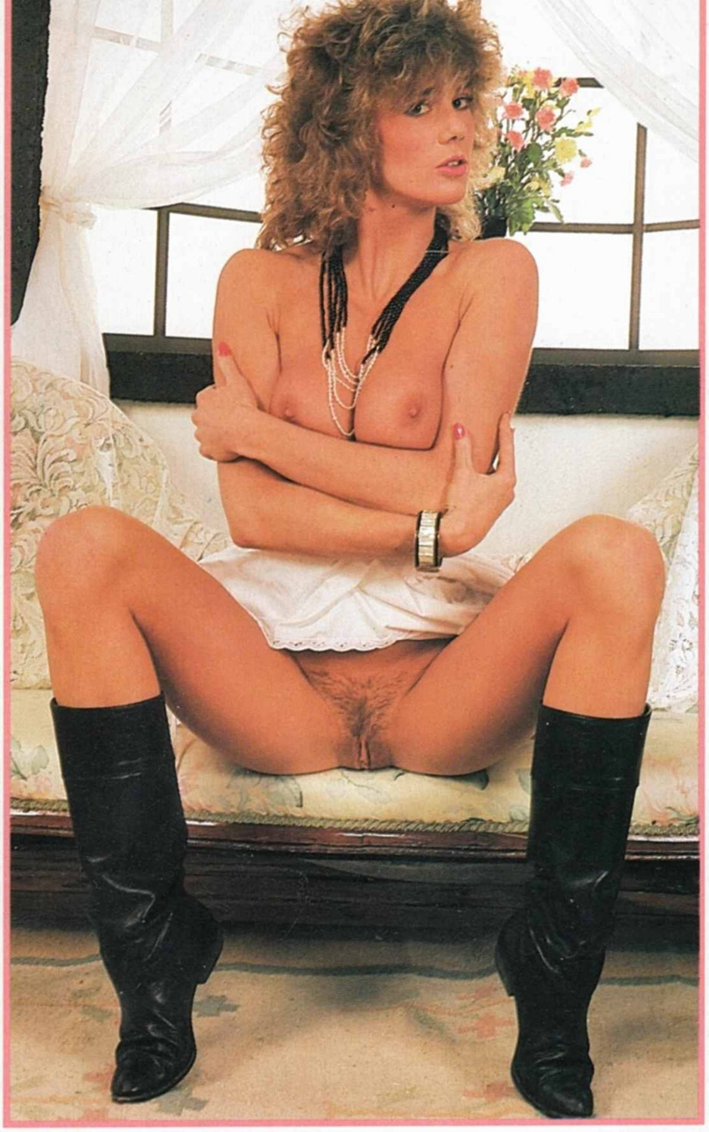
"Actually, it's a Citroen 2CV, the main virtue of which is that you can take out all the seats when you go on a picnic. It's really good, man."

GILBEY'S
GIN
IPA









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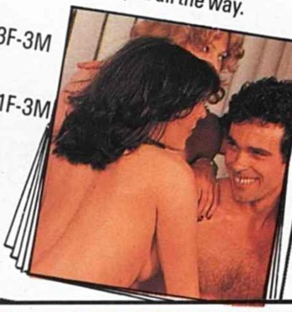

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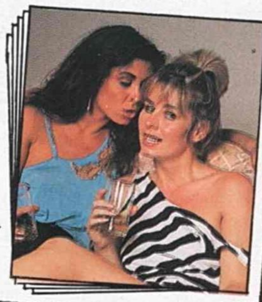

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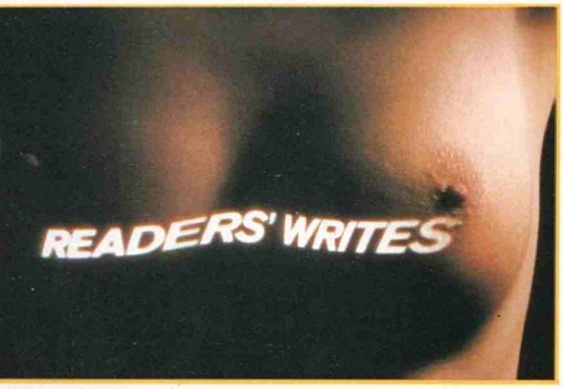


ontinued from page 7

The sex I enjoyed with hese two ladies was inensely erotic. Instead of unressing and bundling into ed, they opened a magum of champagne and sat round in leather armchairs, kirts up around their hips, xposing their panties to me, ventually tugging them to he side and opening their eshy, pink slits for me to ew. We all three sat there, willing champagne, talking rty and playing with ourelves, until I couldn't stand a moment longer.

I got to my feet, got beween my lady client's stockged thighs, and, holding er white silk panties aside, ipped my cock into her et, gaping cunt – right to e hilt. Not wanting to miss ut on this sudden flurry of ction, her friend came over, re open her partner's shirt, nd sucked her tits while I cked her. As I started to ome, we all three tonguessed, the ladies drooling ver the big puddles of unk that were forming on e leather cushion between y lover's thighs. After I'd egained my breath (and my rection), we all went to bed nd fucked and sucked until unset. That is my idea of the erfect conclusion to a sucessful business deal!

John, West London

Bubbling Bride

y new wife and I shared an credibly erotic experience n our wedding night, and he's agreed that I can write and tell you about it.

We were in our hotel room, getting ready to go to bed. I walked into the en-suite bathroom to see my gorgeous 19-year-old spouse soaping her ripe, young breasts. This really turned me on, and the fact she was wearing a negligible peekaboo bra made me even more hot. When Erika realized I was watching her, she pushed her crotch clear of the bath water and started to work up a lather in her blonde pubes, pausing only to occasionally tweak her little clit.

"Come here," she said, and motioned for me to sit on the edge of the bath. I did as I was told, and she undid my dressing gown. I took it off completely, leaving me starkers. Erika offered me the finger she'd just had in her hole, and I sucked it like a lollipop. This was an incredible aphrodisiac, and my cock grew till its tip was level with my navel.

Erika leaned over and gently applied the tip of her tongue to my little pee-hole. She then took a bar of soap, dipped it in the water, and proceeded to massage my cock until her fist was just one big mass of bubbles. It was a truly sensational blow job.

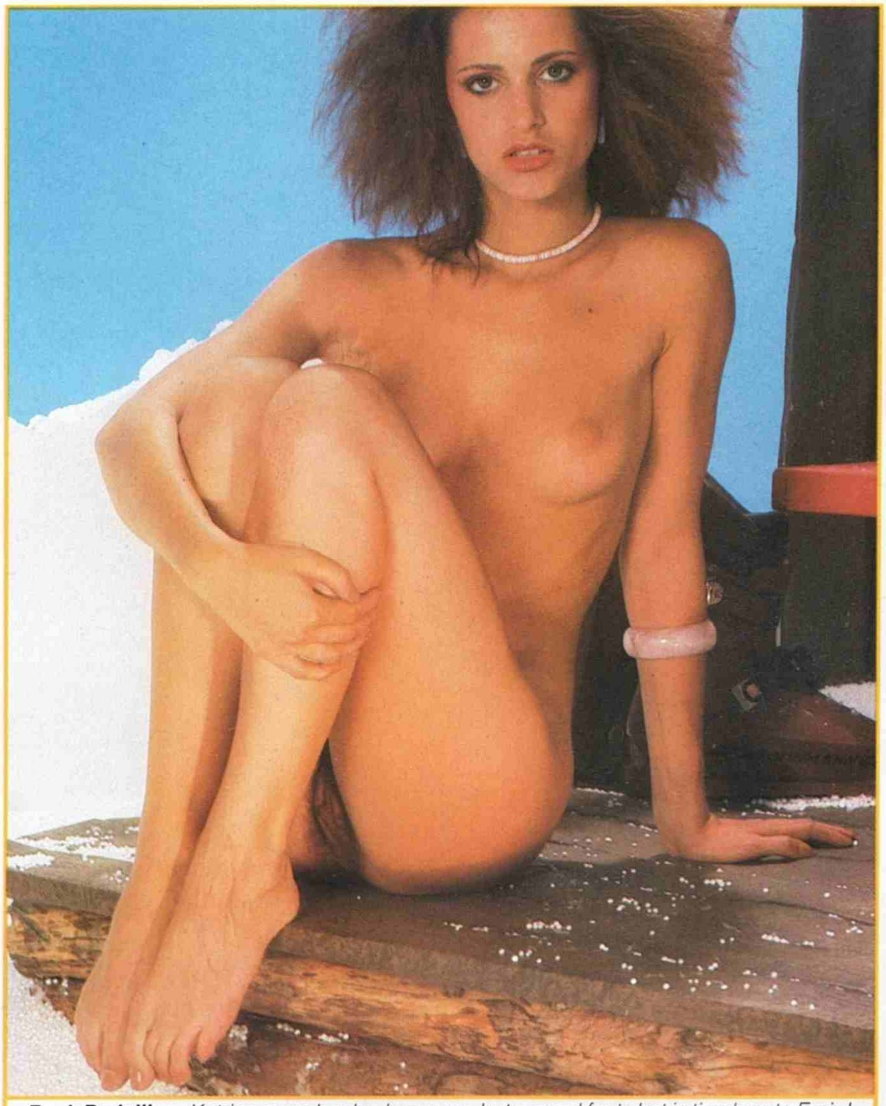
But I didn't want to come in her mouth – I wanted a good, proper fuck. I helped her out of the bath and dried her off with a towel. She went on all-fours on the bath mat, presenting me with a groin-stirring view of her pert titties and her gaping, inviting hole. I've never wanted to fuck any girl as much as I did Erika at that point.

I reached out for our tube of lubricating jelly from the bathroom cabinet, squirted some into the palm of my hand and slapped it against my wife's cunt. She let out a little squeal as I spread the slippery gel around her open snatch. I finger-fucked her, greatly enjoying the sight of her fleshy cunt lips folded around my fingers.

We were so game for it, we both felt like we wanted to screw all night, but it didn't really come as any great surprise to discover we could only hold on for about five minutes. As soon as Erika tightly gripped my cock with her cunt muscles, I let forth with a mighty surge of spunk that had me a quivering wreck.

I'm going to show this letter to Erika before sending it off to you, and I'm already feeling turned-on at the thought of my naughty teenage wife reading what she did to me that night. Some repeat performances over the course of the next 40 years or so wouldn't go amiss, either.

Graeme, Warrington

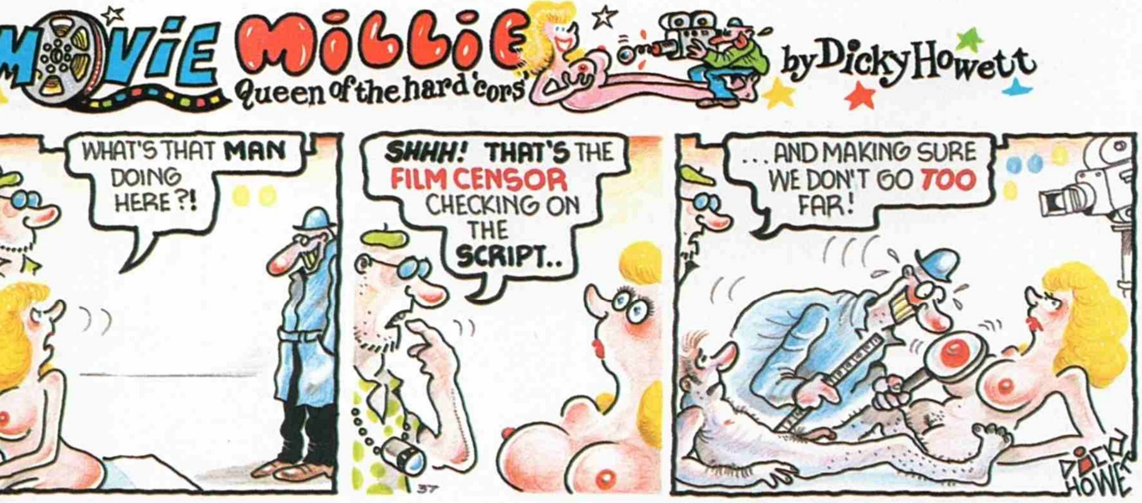


Back Pedalling: *Katrina goes back a long way, but a good foot shot is timeless to Ernie!*

Back Pedalling

Ever think of new ways not to gripe, I've chosen to make no comment about Club's pedal contribution so far this year. It seems there's some inference towards *it* in *Club Events*, but nowt to raise a swoon.

T'any road, I'm to be *positive*, and congratulate you, better late than never. It's great to have friends who have back issues you somehow managed to miss, isn't it? Vol 13 No 6 ... now that's *really* going back, mes amigos! Katrina on pages 66-73 – WOW!! SSSCORCH! There's a lovely foot shot of great consequence to any chap with a chest that thumps – lying on a sledge in fake snow, Kiss, kiss, kiss on the tootsies, and beg her forgiveness for uncommitted crimes . . . and so, so, so, good-looking, too. You can do it when you want. Thanks Mr D. Good on ya. As for the Club Eventers . . . they are just scallywags! *Ernie, Devon*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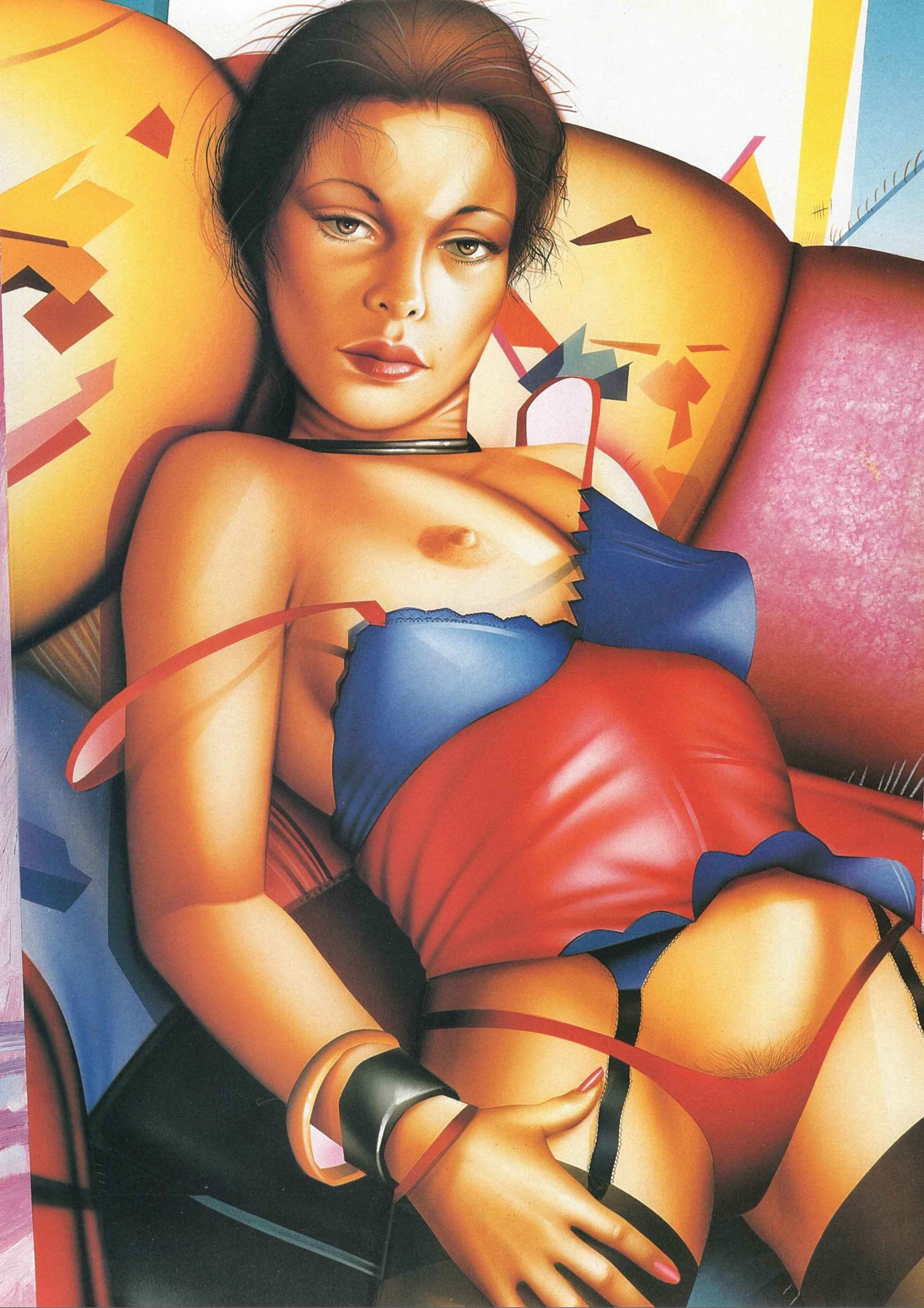
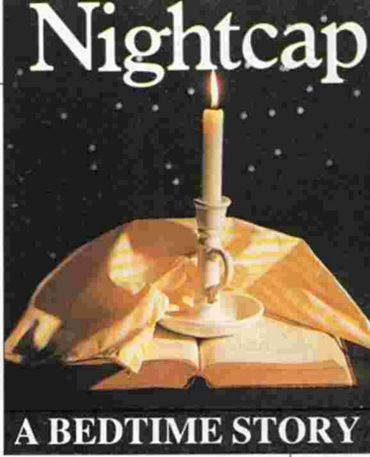
37
DICKY HOWETT





DANIEL'S DAY

Daniel's marriage in the bedroom is about as stale as a slice of bread that's curling up at the edges. Along comes Deirdre, a new siren at the typing pool. Things are starting to look up for a change . . . Erotic fiction by Mike Gale.

Daniel raised the blanket and took a quick peep at his erection. Not one of his best and certainly not an all-time great, but it would do. Many years ago he used to test the quality of his erection by hanging a bath towel on the end. This one would have trouble supporting a tea towel.

"What are you doing?" Mabel, with her broad back to him, seemed to sense he might be up to something *not very nice*. For her, most things to do with sex fell into this category. Why men kept wanting IT she could not imagine; IT was all so messy.

"Nothing, dear." Daniel dropped the blanket, then reached out a tentative hand and placed it on her hip. He held his breath, expecting a rebuff. Slowly he traced the curve of her ample belly before descending into the thick, crinkly forest of her pubic hair which felt like wire wool. Sighing, Mabel put down her magazine and rolled over like a clubbed seal. As he clambered astride her, she switched the bedside light off.

"You do want it, don't you?" he said urgently.

"Oh, don't start that again, I'm letting you, aren't I?"

Daniel sighed. How could he explain that he wanted excitement; a wanton display of lust; an appreciation of his own modest equipment. Above all, before it was too late, he wanted a share of the world of licking, sucking, probing and come-flooded fannies that seemed to exist everywhere but his own bedroom. His knob nudged at her entrance, then he was there. He raised himself on his elbows and rocked back and forth. In the dim light that filtered through the curtains, he could not tell if her eyes were open. *Perhaps she's dead*, he thought. The inert form spoke.

"Are you going to come?" she said with as much interest as an earlier enquiry as to whether he had bought an evening paper. His arms ached and a dull hammering started in his head. "You could help," he gasped. "Moan and groan a bit or something."

"What about the neighbours?"

"Fuck the neighbours!" yelled Daniel, and shot his load. He flopped back on his side of the bed, heart pounding. Mabel turned over as if nothing had happened – and, indeed, very little had.

Daniel managed some tortured sleep before the alarm aroused him to the prospect of a long office day. The accounts department where he worked seemed to have hired leggy, desirable women for the sole purpose of frustrating him. Some wore slit skirts and blouses through which their bras were clearly visible. They bent over filing cabinets, the outline of their undoubtedly miniscule briefs just discernible to his penetrating gaze.

Opposite him sat Deirdre, a quiet girl to whom he sometimes gave a lift if he saw her at the bus stop. She pounded away at the typewriter, the movement causing her ample breasts to jiggle about under the white, lacy blouse. It was a rippling movement that seemed incredibly erotic. She looked up and gave him a shy smile. Daniel felt his erection press against the desk drawer and hoped he would not be summoned to the chief accountant's office.

Tea arrived, and the girls gathered round the trolley with a swishing of skirts and a heady mixture of perfumes. It swept over him with sudden, giddy force that there were no fewer than five assorted cunts only feet away from him; some hairy, some not so hairy (perhaps even shaved), some with protruding lips, some with delicate peeping lips, some nestling snugly in sensible briefs, others perhaps cosseted by pure silk knickers from Janet Reger. It also occurred to his lust-sodden mind that, on any given night, at least three of these cunts would be being fingered, stretched and very likely licked, lapped and shafted to frenzied orgasm by horny boyfriends or husbands.

He put his tea down and reached for his calculator, determined to torture himself. Assuming an interest in sex until he was 60, and allowing for sickness and diminishing energy, he reckoned he had something like 5000 erections left in him; but as only about one in ten resulted in sexual activity, it probably meant something like 500 unsatisfactory fucks over the next 20 years. The true figure would probably be far less, as Mabel's already minimal interest would probably cease altogether in a few years. The future looked bleak indeed.

On the way home, he was pleased to see Deirdre waiting patiently for the bus. She lived well out of his way, but his motives were, of course, lustful rather than chivalrous. Just to see her stretch the seat belt over her bust was worth the extra petrol. His fantasies often featured a deserted layby and the suckling of those breasts. In the course of these lifts he had established that she was 20 (half his age!), rented a small flat, and seemed to have no current boyfriend.

They drew up where he had dropped her so often before. "You must let me give you something for all these lifts," she said, fumbling in her bag. Daniel waved the offer away. "Well, you're welcome to a cup of coffee, unless it will make you late," she went on.

Suddenly Daniel wanted to be late. Mabel would have gone to play bingo, leaving something complicated and unappetizing for him to prepare. "Just a few minutes, then," he said, locking the car with a premonition the 17 years of married fidelity was about to end. Discarding their coats in the tiny hall brought them inevitably close together. "You look as miserable as you do at work," she said. "Cheer up!" Suddenly on home ground, the shy typist seemed in total control.

"My wife doesn't understand me," said Daniel, instantly regretting the cliché. She laughed. "Well, I'm no barmaid, but when men say that, they mean one thing."

Her rapidly-heaving chest was inches away from him. "It usually means they're not getting enough of this." She took his limp, unprotesting hand and guided it under her pleated skirt. He could feel her warmth and her silky knickers; he felt stocking-tops and cool, endless inches of thigh. *Please, God, let me not faint*, prayed Daniel, fervently. She pulled his hand away and turned her attention to his trousers, which were bulging at the fly. She sank gracefully to her knees, carefully unzipping him. She expertly searched through the shirt tail, vest and pants to bring forth his cock. She cradled his life's obsession between cool palms and studied it as one might a particularly interesting plant.

"Oh, it's nice," she breathed. "I thought it might be all gnarled and twisted like an old tree root, but it seems younger than the rest of you."

An amazingly-long tongue flicked out faster than an anteater and curled round his shaft. Her head bobbed as she orally masturbated him. This was a revelation to Daniel. Not once had a woman taken the initiative with him, and his knowledge of oral sex was purely theoretical. The warm wetness travelled from base to purple-headed tip, leaving it glistening and pointing proudly at the ceiling. Deirdre stood up just as Daniel thought he must ruin things by ejaculating. They moved into the plain but cosy living room – she leading him by the penis, him shuffling along with his trousers round his ankles. He felt at once absurd and ecstatic.

Deirdre arranged herself on the sofa – long legs splayed out, skirt already discarded. Daniel stood transfixed as she drew the silky knicker leg to one side, fully exposing her sex.

"She doesn't let you look at it like this, then?"

"No, never," he breathed, eyes riveted on the pink protruding sex lips framed by neatly-trimmed pubic hair. He had never seen anything so perfect or so exciting. As he watched, her middle finger teased the outer lips then slid inside. She looked up at him, smiling. "I don't suppose you've seen a woman wanking, either." Her finger moved faster.

"I used to be shaved . . . drove my last bloke berserk. He just wanted to stand there and jerk off over it."

"I can imagine," croaked Daniel hoarsely, hypnotized by the plunging fingers. She fumbled under a cushion and produced a vibrator. She flicked the switch and handed it to him. Daniel took the humming object gingerly as one might an unexploded bomb. He had never seen one except in advertisements, much less handled one. He stepped out of his trousers and kneeled between her thighs. She placed her hand over his and guided him firmly to the entrance, and he was amazed at how easily it slipped right in. She moved his hand rhythmically, shuddered briefly, then withdrew his hand and vibrator.

"Take my knickers off, please, Daniel." Trembling, he slid the flimsy silk over the long, stocking-clad legs. Her fingers moved down and gently drew open the shining vaginal lips. She looked at him, breathing hard. "Shall I tell you what this wants now?" she murmured.

"Oh, yes," urged Daniel, his throat tightening.

"First it wants plenty of tonguing and licking."

"Yes, oh yes!" breathed Daniel.

"Then, to finish off, it wants to be stretched by that great, thick cock of yours fucking deep and hard. And then, but only when I tell you, you can let go and fill it with spunk till it overflows."

Daniel could hardly wait to get started. He crawled over and buried his head between her thighs, the musky odour driving him wild. He lapped and licked, making weird noises, his tongue poking deep into her wetness.

Almost at once she climaxed, bathing his face in love juice, the soft thighs clamping him in a heavenly vice. His head travelled up her body, and his lips fastened limpet-like on an erect nipple while his fingers pumped away madly between her legs. Deirdre pushed him away and slid to the carpet on all fours. "Quick – put it in!" she urged.

Daniel kneeled behind her, his knob nudging her bottom. He marvelled at his erection, stretched angry and iron hard. *Easily bath-towel quality,* he thought, proudly. She reached a hand between her thighs to grip and guide him firmly to the entrance. To Daniel it was like a dream: a firm breast cupped in each hand, his stomach hard against her youthful behind and the rigid core of him buried deep inside her softly-squeezing cunt. If his heart was to give out now, he could think of no finer way to go. He pistoned away, feeling his manhood swell, then the seemingly endless coming as if the dam of 17 repressed years had suddenly burst. Her body shuddered violently against him in the throes of her own orgasmic eruption.

Much later, after their bedtime cocoa, Mabel turned to him. "Not pestering me tonight, then?"

Daniel smiled. "No, dear, perhaps I *am* past it."

Mabel leered at him. "I hope not. I've decided to make an effort." She flung back the sheets. A tiny G-string lay almost buried in her pubic bush, fishnet stockings made her legs look even more lumpy, and suspenders bit deep into her puffy thighs.

She scrabbled at his pyjama cord. "Let's have that old pecker of yours!"

Daniel groaned. "To be honest, dear, I've got a bit of a headache!"♣

Illustration by Frank Gerhardt

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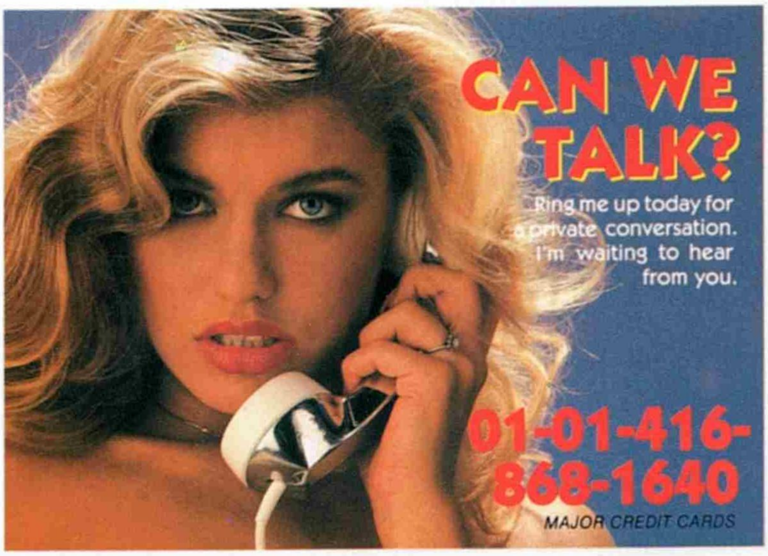
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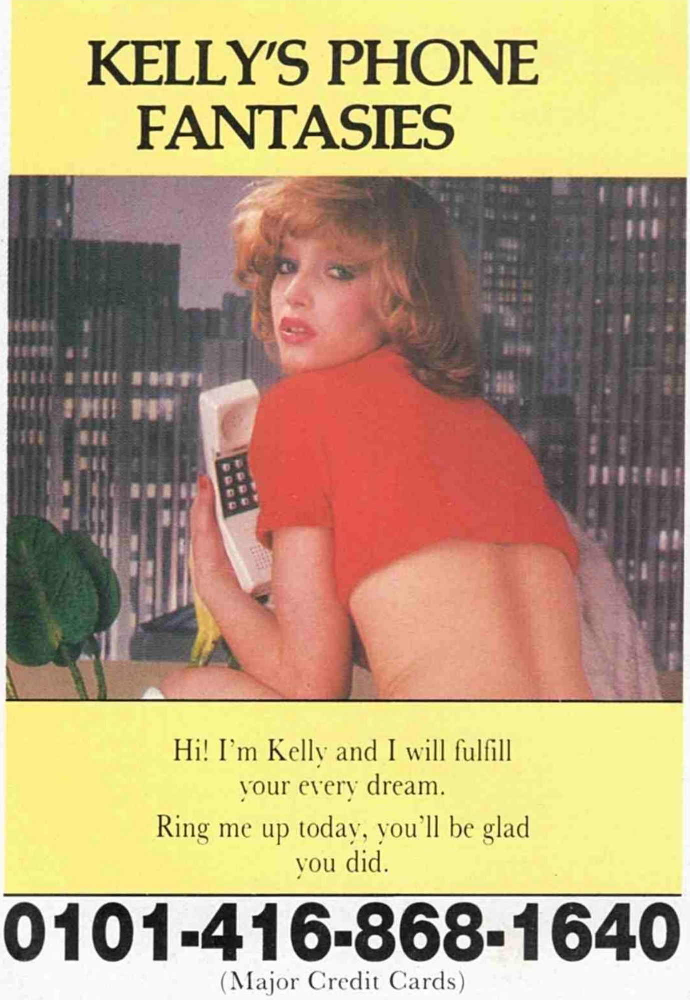

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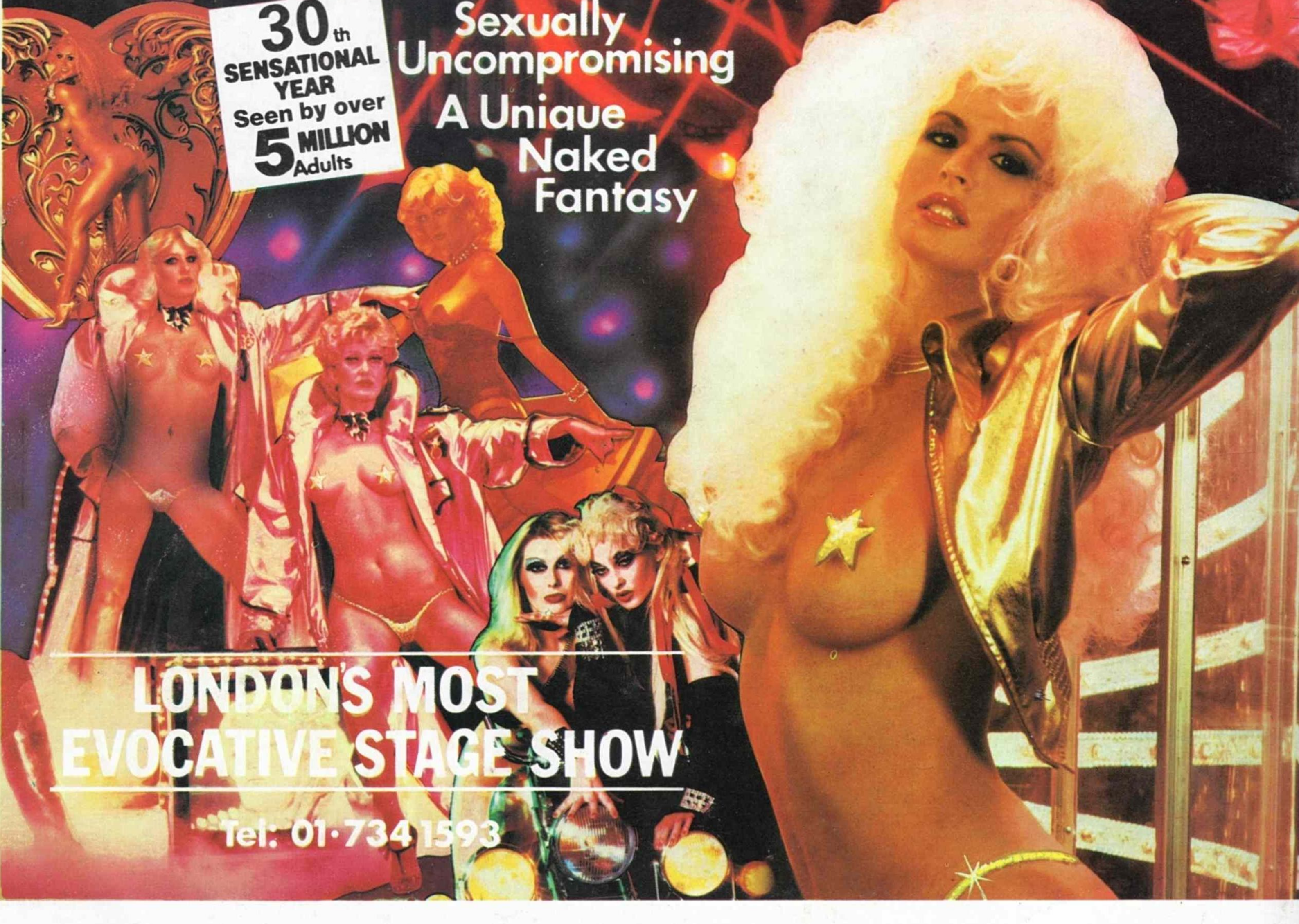

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